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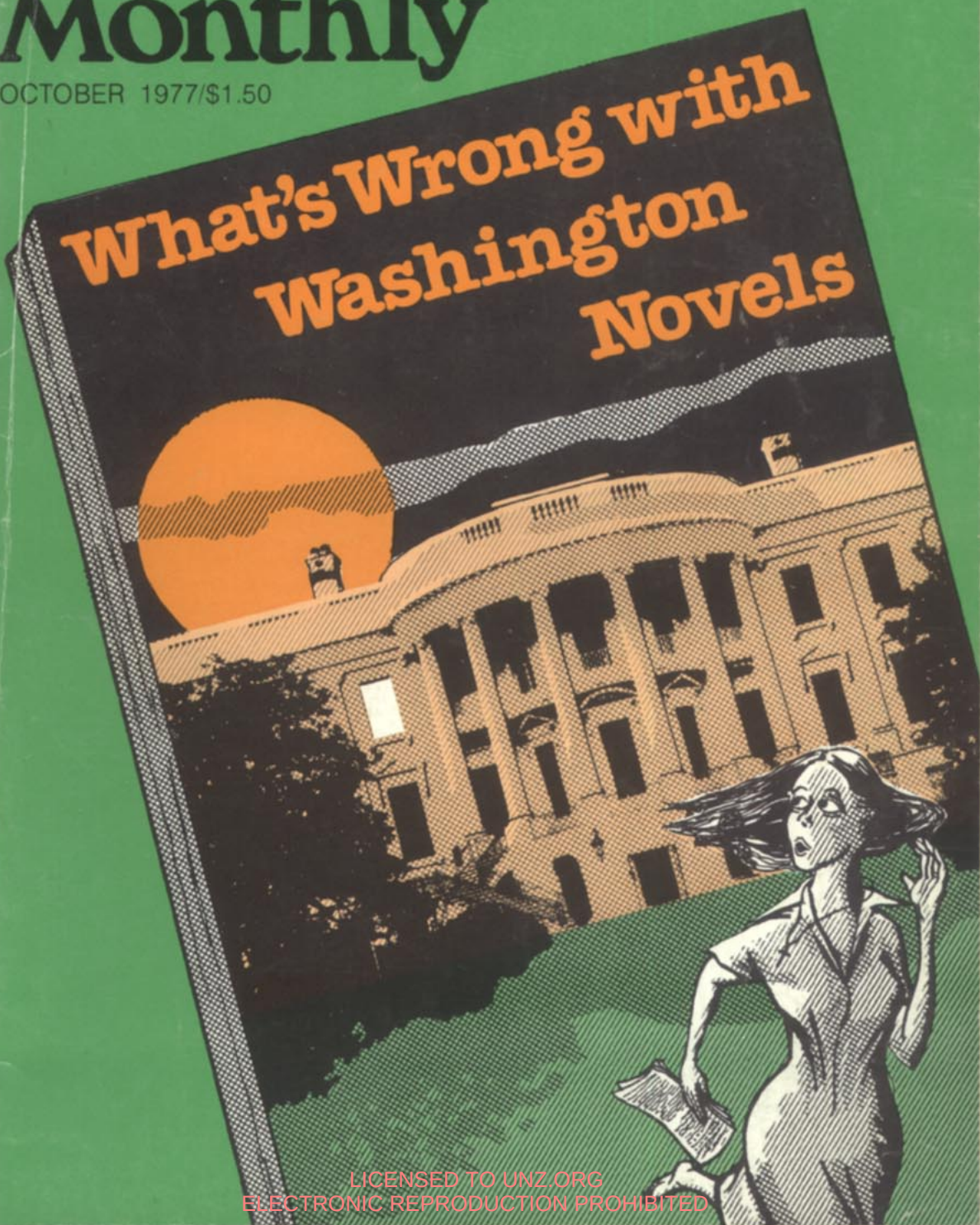
The Washington Monthly

OCTOBER 1977/$1.50



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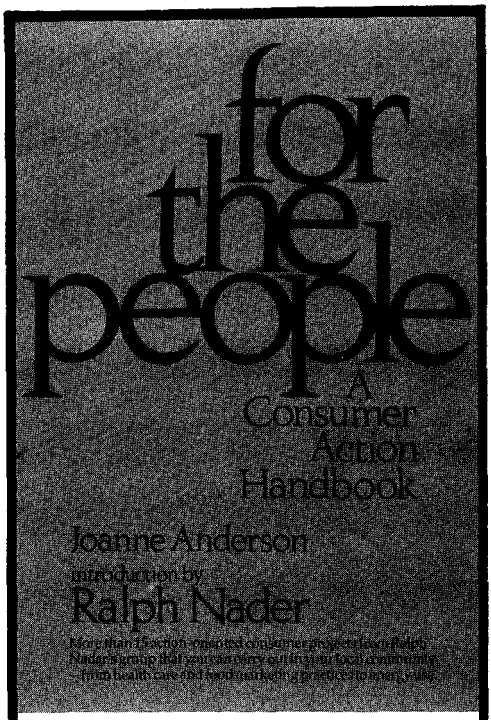

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VOLUME NINE NUMBER EIGHT
OCTOBER 1977

How to Stop Masturbating
by Joseph Wilkes
. . . and start caring. We need more altruism and less self-absorption. 9

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WASHINGTON NOVEL

Paler Than Truth
by Tom Bethell
Who wants to read about made-up Presidents instead of real ones? 18

The President and the Senator's Wife
by Arthur Levine
A parody. 28

Don't Blame the Court
by Seth Kupferberg
It's not the Supreme Court's fault that we don't have progressive legislation—it's the liberals'. 40

The Real New Journalism
by Janet Hook
At long last, the newspapers are starting to tell us more than just what happened yesterday. 51

TILTING AT WINDMILLS 4
POLITICAL PUZZLE 8
TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES 26
WHO'S WHO 38
WHERE TO STAY IN WASHINGTON 47
MEMO OF THE MONTH 56
RICHARD REEVES ON POLITICAL BOOKS 57
POLITICAL BOOKNOTES 59

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Tilting at Windmills

Last month we commented that this country's indifference to its Vietnam veterans is a national scandal. Equally outrageous is its indifference to the plight of the refugees who continue to flee the various communist regimes in Indochina. The two kinds of indifference are related, I think, in that they both testify to our national inability to come to terms with what happened in Vietnam between 1961 and 1975. It's time for both the left and the right to admit where they were wrong and to find a common ground from which to view this miserable period in our history, a common ground that will make it possible for us to face the obligations —to both veterans and refugees—the war has imposed upon us. Surely the right can now see that the massive escalation in 1965 was wrong and that the effort to bomb the North Vietnamese into submission was stupid. Surely the left must concede that the number of people who have fled Indochina since the communist takeover is persuasive evidence that there was in fact a substantial part of the population who did not want to live under communism. There is a deplorably racist tendency on the left to say that while Europeans should have democracy, communism is just dandy for those yellow people.

This is not to say that most of the South Vietnamese governments we supported were not corrupt and undemocratic. But it's clear that the communist alternative was so unpalatable that thousands have fled and thousands more are fighting a guerrilla war against the North Vietnamese.

This guerrilla war has gone largely unreported in the liberal press. *The New Republic* and *The Washington Monthly* have mentioned it, and Henry Bradsher recently wrote in *The Washington Star* about a story in the North Vietnamese army newspaper describing the contents of a diary kept by a major who was killed by anti-communist guerrillas.

"In the fighting, it is not clear where the front line is and where the rear area is," the major wrote. "They call it the nameless front. Many soldiers have fallen on that nameless front."

Doesn't that sound familiar? Couldn't the same words have been found in the diary of a South Vietnamese major ten years ago? And doesn't that suggest that Americans who saw merit in either side of the war debate were not necessarily either war criminals or communist sympathizers.

So we can find some common ground. We weren't wrong to try to help the South with supplies and volunteers, any more than the American left was wrong to give such help to the Loyalists during the Spanish Civil War. But we began to go wrong in 1965 with our campaign of mass slaughter against the Vietnamese. And we were wrong when we forced draftees to fight and die in what could at best be described as a morally ambiguous situation. We owe those draftees a tremendous debt. And we owe the South Vietnamese and

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Cambodian refugees sanctuary. After all, our propaganda encouraged them to rely on us. Most of all, we need to be sensible and humane with one another as we look back on our years in Southeast Asia and try to heal the terrible wound that it left with us.

Incidentally, a fascinating irony about the Vietnam war has just been made clear by a new book, *The Big Story*, by Peter Braestrup. Braestrup has impressive evidence that Tet was a military defeat from which the Viet Cong never recovered—certainly, by the communists' own account, it was North Vietnamese regulars, not Viet Cong, who led the final attack on Saigon—and that this defeat was uniformly reported as a Viet Cong triumph by the American press. As a result of that reporting, the massive escalation stopped. But suppose the reporters hadn't gotten the story wrong? General Wheeler would have probably gotten away with sending 200,000 more draftees into that horrible mess. So thank God the press was wrong!

Several months ago, we noted in this space that the real estate assessments of local homeowners had gone up 66 per cent during a period when the assessments of business property, including *The Washington Post*'s and *The Washington Star*'s, stayed the same or decreased. We expressed our confidence that the editorial writers of the two papers would stand up for the people and protest. We are sad to report that we were mistaken. . . . Remember when you were closing the purchase of your home and you were suddenly presented with a mysterious list of charges? Well, the Real Estate Settlement Procedures Act of 1974 was supposed to stop all that and could have saved consumers billions of dollars. The billions aren't being saved because HUD, with a grand total of 15,000 employees, has assigned exactly three of them to oversee enforcement of the act. . . .

Were your hopes that Jimmy Carter has a streak of the populist reformer in his soul boosted by Cecil Andrus' proposal to limit the size of farms that can receive water from federal irrigation projects? They shouldn't have been. The order was not a Carter initiative but simply compliance with a decision by a federal judge in a suit brought by National Land for the People, Inc. against the Bureau of Reclamation, which is part of Andrus' Interior Department . . . .

Common Cause persuaded 39 federal regulatory commissions to let it take a look at their appointment books. It found that they met with industry representatives ten times as often as with consumer groups. Nineteen of the commissioners had no consumer contacts at all during the past year. . . . Speaking of regulation, wasn't the absolute pit the time in the fifties when the FTC ordered cigarette companies not to advertise tar and nicotine content?. . . Aren't you glad you aren't the reporter who called the Acting Comptroller of the Currency last December to inquire about disciplinary actions against one of Bert Lance's banks and then never called back to get the detailed information the office had subsequently prepared for you? . . .

Last month we ran an article called "The Corrupt Military: A Case Study." Here's another. On August 31, Vice Admiral Malcolm W. Cagle and Captain James N. Hooper, Jr. were indicted for a conspiracy in which the officers used their official influence to try to procure a contract for a planning firm for which Admiral Cagle, who was chief of naval education until he retired, later went to work as a $200-a-day consultant. Captain Hooper also went to work for the firm on his retirement. They still must be wondering what they did that was different from what their colleagues do every day. So are we. . . .

Robert MacNeil and Jim Lehrer ought to be ashamed of themselves.

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About ten minutes into their 30-minute public television show on August 23, Jody Powell challenged them to cite one illegal or unethical act performed by Bert Lance. Neither of these award-winning newsmen could come up with an answer during the remaining 20 minutes of the show even though Powell twice repeated the challenge.... Carter has, as we predicted in May, approved another federal salary increase.This one is for 7.05 per cent. This is further testimony of Carter's cowardice in the face of the government employees' lobby. If they are underpaid, one wonders why 5,664,757 people tried to get civil service jobs in the first six months of this year and only 31,630 found vacancies.... There are occasional bright spots in the federal bureaucracy. One is the Secretary's Open Forum at the State Department. Chaired by a former Peace Corps volunteer, Neil A. Boyer, the Open Forum tries to encourage openness in the Foreign Service. Boyer has persuaded the department to establish a "dissent channel" through which foreign service officers who feel their views are being blocked by their superiors can get their ideas and opinions transmitted to Washington....

According to a recent survey, (as reported in *The War Managers*, a new book by Douglas Kinnard), 61 per cent of the generals who served in Vietnam say that the body counts there were grossly exaggerated. Doesn't this suggest that they were knowingly lying when they passed these counts along to Washington during the war? And doesn't it remind anyone who has served in the government that the numbers game is one of the main problems of government that those outside have no awareness of?... The burdens of the poor continue to grow. Now that they are getting full health care under Medicaid, they are being cut open by surgeons at twice the rate of the general population....

SEE PAGE 49
FOR A SPECIAL
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That great liberal newspaper, *The Washington Post*, has just agreed, at the urging of the attorney general of Maryland, to stop making its paper boys pay up when their customers don't pay. The *Post* was actually compelling its newsboys to make security deposits from which the newspaper would cover bad debts by home subscribers.... T. R. Reid reported in *The Washington Post* that in 1974 John Brademas accepted from Tongsun Park an envelope containing 59 $50 bills. What Reid's story didn't mention was that for years Brademas, generally regarded as a liberal Mr. Clean and at one time a roommate of Park's at Georgetown University, had been Park's main Washington character reference. When we used to sit around the office talking about political stories, someone would say, "This guy Park doesn't smell right," and someone else would invariably answer, "But John Brademas says he's okay."

Brademas excuses his behavior by pointing out that his voting record is not pro-Korean, so the money he's taken hasn't influenced his official conduct. But the fact is that good lobbyists work in subtle ways, and Brademas was being used by Park as much as anyone else was—his function was not to drum up support for South Korea, but to make Tongsun Park respectable in liberal circles, which he did quite effectively for some time.

Now that Park has fallen, the most effective Washington lobbyist is certainly Frank Ikard, the former congressman who runs the American Petroleum Institute. Faced with a similar problem of gaining access to liberals, Ikard came up with this solution, as described recently by the society reporter of *The Washington Star*:

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"The week started out with a bang last night. Jayne and Frank Ikard gave a supper reception for UN Ambassador Andrew Young. Young is honorary chairman of the United Negro College Fund, of which Jayne is a trustee.

"The Ikards provided the small group of UNCF trustees and Eastern business leaders with food, flowers, and music at their Kalorama Square residence."...

All during August, when Hubert Humphrey was finding out that he was dying, White House staff members were urging Carter to visit the former Vice President. Carter wouldn't go.... The great Wisconsin legislature scandal, in which state officials were caught billing private calls to the public, has produced two of our favorite defenses against charges of impropriety. First, Esther Luckhardt, a state legislator who chatted with relatives in India several times at the taxpayers' expense, said she was justified because she didn't take any junkets and was thus saving money by using the phone. Another state legislator, Dave Berger, who made 62 calls to relatives and friends in Scotland, said he didn't charge the calls to his home phone because it would have upset his mother.... The taxpayers of Alexandria, Virginia, have been forced by federal regulations to install a $30,000 elevator at the George Mason Elementary School. It matters not to the feds that George Mason does not have a single handicapped student.... Another example of how journalists have moved out of the poverty class: *The Washington Post*'s editorial page editor, Philip Geyelin, paid $214,500 for his new house on Kalorama Square.... Buried in a story about the requests made by congressmen to the Congressional Research Service was this unsettling query from the office of Speaker O'Neill: "If a staffer had funds in a Swiss bank and died, what problems would be encountered in getting the inheritor's money back to the U.S.?"

—*Charles Peters*

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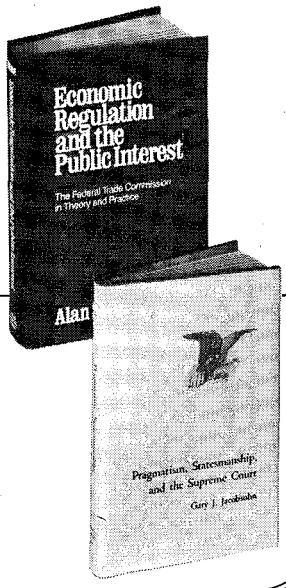

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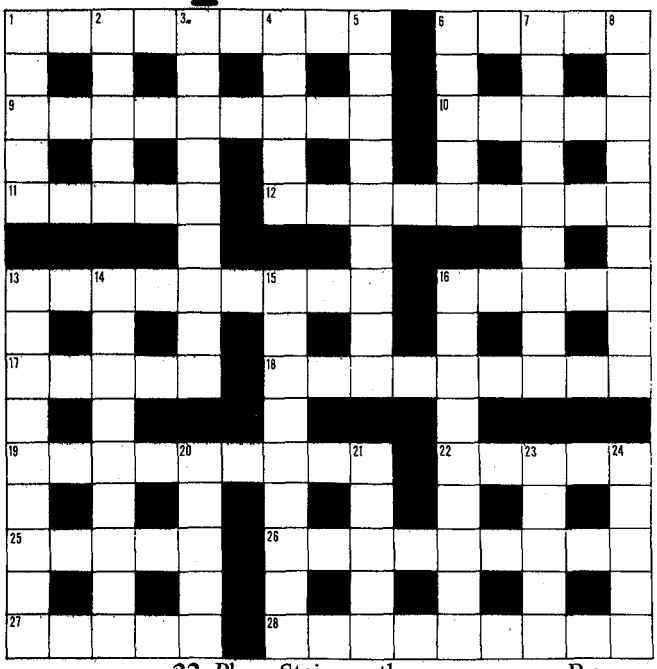
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. He got in trouble arranging cable rent. (4,5)
6. Stone with an entrance? (5)
9. Set up brief right favored by 1 Across. (9)
10. Ceremonies for Reaganites, I hear. (5)
11. Out of joint not a season back? (5)
12. Dumb enough to make lint poems. (9)
13. Diving bird snarls Roman ROTC. (9)
16. Dressing place cuter fixed-up. (5)
17. Pleas can be an error. (5)
18. Recorder might deter poem in snafu. (9)
19. Burns, for example, when it comes on wildly. (9)
22. Place Stein on the map. (5)
25. 16 Across is cuter still when fight stops. (5)
26. Putter after dark here? (5,4)
27. How dirty back Texan initially lived. (5)
28. One Southeast turn makes a secret. (5,4)

DOWN

1. Hollywood Derby for Pentagon leader? (5)
2. Seder composition for woodwinds. (5)
3. Mixed-up senior one gives direction. (9)
4. Approaches saner resolution. (5)
5. Guessed how demi-state could be reestablished. (9)
6. Take up penny in Roman money in Spring. (5)
7. Justice Department division makes unit start. (9)
8. Mondale or Hartke, for example. (2-7)
13. Cold elect somehow gathered. (9)
14. Duplicate crude rope twisted. (9)
15. Defective washer produces pale panic. (9)
16. Small group where CIO met twice in confusion. (9)
20. Covert operation would be public with a hundred less. (5)
21. Drunken kind of rope? (5)
23. Some big shots in colossal Volkswagen. (5)
24. Brass section medley a bust. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e. g. (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e. g. USA, are treated as one word. *Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 54.*

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How to Stop Masturbating

by Joseph Wilkes

A few weeks ago the papers carried an item about a new idea in penal reform. A judge in the state of Washington had decided that he could put prisoners to more useful ends than simply sitting in jail. Instead of serving their time in prisons they could serve it in the outside world, if they agreed to perform socially useful tasks in nursing homes, mental hospitals, nurseries, schools, and the like.

From the rational point of view, this is obviously a good idea. It can help both those who serve and those who are served, not to mention relieving the strain on the prisons. But I found it depressing for what it says about the idea of voluntary service. Half a generation ago, college students lined up to teach school in Appalachia or raise chickens in Tanganyika. In 1977, helping one's fellow man seems an appropriate outlet only for the men behind bars.

This is to be a polemic about altruism and voluntary service, and I want to define those terms with care. I am not talking about simple feelings of good will toward one's neighbor; I am concerned, instead, with their translation into specific actions.

Whether their motives have been noble or base, there have been times and places and cultures in which people felt compelled to devote part of their time to the service of others. This is not the case for us, here, now. The Peace Corps is less than half the size it was in the mid-sixties. VISTA, too, is withering on the vine. The talk on college campuses is of business school and law boards, not of teaching poor children or helping the sick. And it's not just the kids; of the 1,100 psychiatrists practicing in Washington, D.C., *not one* volunteers as much as an hour each week to work in the community health centers, and only three have offices in the needier Northeast and Southeast quarters of town. These, after all, are the people who tell us what is "sane."

This is the temper of the times, and I think we have to try to change it. Our nation is in practical trouble without more altruism, and without it we are hollow as human beings.

The simplest way to put the practical problem is this: many of the things we need as a nation we can never afford to buy. If we are to have them, we must give them to ourselves.

Consider the example that none of us can easily rule out: the prospect of an institutionalized old age. In an earlier generation, we might have relied on the comforting knowledge that, when we grew dependent, it would be on our children that we would depend—and if not them, on our brother's children, our nieces and nephews, or some other branch of the extended family. Old age could not be prevented, but loneliness could. Anyone who had a family had a place to go.

Joseph Wilkes is a pseudonym.

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Now even the declining ranks of those who have children, nephews, and abundant kin are not sure there will be a place for them. Houses are too small, independence too cherished, the failings of old age too foreign to the life of the nuclear family for many generations to stay under one roof. That leaves the institutions—as harmlessly hedonistic as the sun-and-fun retirement communities, as harsh as the homes for the terminally ill, but all of them institutions, run on economic principles, compelled to make the most efficient use of each doctor, nurse, and orderly they employ.

. . . of the 1,100 psychiatrists practicing in Washington, D.C., *not one* volunteers as much as an hour each week to work in the community health centers. . .

I often go by one such establishment in my neighborhood, where, when the weather is fine, old ladies and gentlemen sit in their wheelchairs outside. I do not want to join them when I am their age. I know the way other institutions—schools, armies, hospitals, governments—treat you when you are fully able to cope and complain. I do not like to think what it would be like to deal with an institution that knows it can outwait you.

Of course, there are alternatives. We can be rich enough to hire all the help we need—people to cook our meals, take us shopping, help us dress and get around, take us to the library, and, not least, simply talk. If we don't have that kind of money, we can instead hope for death before dependence. Or we can hope for another alternative: that somehow the climate will change. Perhaps when our time comes there will be a different spirit, of the kind now found in many small communities and the old, stable neighborhoods of our cities, where young people count it part of their duty to spend time with the old, where families volunteer to help old people with the dozens of practical problems they confront each day. Someone must do these jobs for us when we can no longer do them ourselves—jobs as genteel as reading from Homer, jobs as earthbound as cleaning our soiled beds. None of us can be sure that we will not need help like that, but if our families cannot give it, we must go to the institutions. Our only hope is to live in a climate where those who are younger and healthier volunteer that help—to live, that is, in a climate of altruism.

Caring for the aged is the starkest example of the practical need for altruistic service. Costs have risen so fast that even the tenderest children half-hope that their parents will not survive long in institutional care, but the costs can't possibly rise far enough to pay for all the services that we need. It is symbolic of other areas, such as the military or the medical system, in which soaring cost and insufficient service leave us feeling that there is no way out. But there is an answer in these cases, and that is altruism. Let me give some examples:

Dollars in the Treasury

Volunteer groups like the Big Brothers are designed to fight one of the causes of crime: children growing

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up without a father. They work on the theory that there are certain times in a child's life when personal attention, friendship, example, and discipline can make all the difference. The same is true of some probation programs; if they get teenagers right after their first, non-violent offense, they can usually keep them from a second and third. The records of these probation programs are astonishingly good, but there are not enough dollars in the Treasury to hire enough counselors—or enough surrogate fathers—to work with all the children who need help. The only way to do it is to have many more people follow the example of the Big Brothers, volunteering their time to help others.

Another example is the military. If we believe that this, like other forms of service, is a burden we all should share, we have to take another look at the volunteer army. With the passing of the draft, military service has become a purely commercial affair, rather than the matter of shared obligation it ought to be; hence we're buying services from a few people that we ought to be getting practically free from many. Maybe we do not need to revive the draft, but at the minimum we need to recall the spirit that all of us have a share in this burden, not simply the lower class. The words "draft" and "altruism" may look strange when juxtaposed, but a fair system of compulsory military service, like that of most Western European nations, would demonstrate our belief that someone besides the poor has a responsibility to serve. Such a system would be possible only if adults demonstrated that they believed in altruism for themselves, too, and not merely for their young sons.

One more example: the schools. Many communities feel strangled by the rising cost of education, but many children—especially the poor ones—never learn how to read. What they need is individual, one-to-one instruction, in which coaching, patience, discipline, and high standards can make them prosper. But no school district in the country can afford that kind of help. The only way to get it is through volunteer tutors, who would act as a complement to teachers, rather than a substitute. We hear each week that a generation of illiterates is on the way, and the most practical way to save ourselves from it is through the efforts of volunteers.

The list could go on: the national parks and forests, which need repair work but can't afford it at construction-union rates; the medical system, where volunteers could provide both the compassion and the simple care that doctors and nurses are too busy to give; the disabled, an enormous community which needs help to travel, read, and be trained for jobs, as well as needing companionship.

This is the temper of the times, and I think we have to try to change it. Our nation is in practical trouble without more altruism, and without it we are hollow as human beings.

The point should already be clear: without more efforts of the sort I call altruistic, our society will be depressingly close to the Soviet caricature of it. The Soviets' only mistake is in thinking that our failings are purely those of the capitalist system. This is not a question of "big government"

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versus "free enterprise" or "private" versus "public" sector. It is, instead, a question of which services must be *bought*, either by government or individuals, and which will be *given*.

Your Line-up of Role Models

From the barn-raising to the wagon-train, *given* services were a symbol of pioneer America. Why is there so little of that spirit available now?

The first reason is the decline of religion. Week after week, children learned what qualities made a Samaritan "good," and the priest and the Levite bad. Jesus and St. Francis were in your lineup of role models, along with Elvis and Willie Mays. Even apart from whatever spiritual uplift they provided, the churches also got people in the habit of altruistic service. You might not be any purer in heart by the time you had trooped in with your classmates with a gift of canned goods for the poor at Christmas, filled the collection box for the overseas mission, and worked in youth groups at the hospital, but you certainly were accustomed to thinking that those efforts were part of normal life. Much like the ability to sit still in a pew for an hour, this seemed to be a talent that would serve you well in adult life.

The second reason is the obvious economic one—the 20th-century equivalent of the closing of the frontier. The young people of the sixties had problems peculiar to that era, but they also had its wonderful blessing—the gift of economic arrogance. To them, the "Depression" was something their parents worried about; limited opportunities were a relic of a bygone age. The question was not whether you would be able to make a living, but at what point and on what terms you would choose to lend your talents to the working world. Like other kinds of arrogance, this had one thing in its favor, which was that it kept people from being pressured into doing what they did not choose to do. It had the rare effect of granting young people the same perspective on the cycles of their lives that their elders had. From the vantage point of 50, it is easy to see that anyone can spare a few years in the early twenties. If, at age 20, you thought that the question of your worldly success was only a matter of *when* and *how* but not *if*, you could share the same luxurious view of your own time.

Whatever his other pluses and minuses, Daniel Patrick Moynihan pointed out first and best the moment when this attitude changed. Back in 1970 he delivered a commencement speech in which he warned the unsuspecting students that the previous rules of the game had been declared invalid. America was changing, he said, from the world of the frontier to the world of Flaubert—from an age, that is, of opportunity for all who choose to take it, to a society in which overtrained aspirants search the obituary page each morning to see what positions in government, business, academia, and the arts have just opened up.

In a get-ahead world like this, voluntary service might still be attractive if it looked like a step up the ladder—as the Peace Corps did during the first Kennedy years. But there is nothing now that compares, as an item to announce at class reunions, to medical school, the law review, or a job with *The New York Times*.

To judge from the statistics, some of the economic pressure is off now—especially for those who are well prepared in a field such as business administration. But the age of economic innocence has been lost, and with it the spacious sense of time that let young people squander it on altruism.

The third reason for the waning of altruism was the early seventies' addition to the Conventional Wisdom—namely, that the Great Society and foreign aid had both "failed." The government itself has never been very skillful at determining which of these well-meaning efforts helped its clients

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and which did not, and so it is no surprise that the public view is even less subtle. The Great Society was not a "success," in the way that World War II, going to the moon, and the Cuban missile crisis, had been successes, so it joined the Vietnam war and the Bay of Pigs in the short list of American "failures." "Ye have the poor always with you," Jesus had said, and the failure of the Great Society confirmed Jesus on this point. Why should anyone bother tutoring a child in the city or fighting malaria in the Peace Corps, if the cream of the current hard-headed thinkers told you that it was all a waste of time?

From the barn-raising to the wagon-train, *given* services were a symbol of pioneer America. Why is there so little of that spirit available now?

The Great Society also dampened altruism in another, and slightly contradictory, way. Even if these mammoth efforts did not succeed, their scale so dwarfed that of private charities that they made the charities seem somewhat pathetic. They finished the process, which began in the New Deal, of making people think that helping others was the government's job, and not a task for individual volunteers. What's more, helping people through the government had distinct advantages over the old approach. Instead of choosing St. Francis as your role model, you could choose Joe Califano and look forward, as your rightful due, to spells of lucrative law practice between bouts of serving mankind at $47,500 a year. By extension, this came to embrace the whole of the non-industrial sector, so that you could feel you'd fulfilled your altruistic duty by taking a job with *The Washington Post*.

The fourth reason is that no one likes to be a sucker, least of all the young, and voluntary efforts have begun to look like a sucker's game. Consider the earnest environmentalist, who hauls his cans and bottles to the recycling center with quiet zeal. At the cost of great inconvenience, he manages to save dozens of bottles each month—while the manufacturers pour out millions more. He was a fool to think his efforts mattered. No one was quicker to point out these deceptions than the young people of the left, who suspected that altruistic efforts would only prop up the hated "system." Why tutor a black child in reading if that only reduces the pressure for better schools? This theory makes the child something of a pawn, but it does establish that you are not a man to be trifled with. And, if any confirmation were needed for the acuity of your vision, did not Richard Nixon make "voluntarism" his watchword when he dismantled the OEO?

Beyond these four reasons there is a fifth, which takes us to the heart of the spiritual sickness of the times. If the excess of the 1960s was in the direction of sincerity and engagement in the lives of others, the excess of our time is its cynical, narcissistic concentration on Maximum Personal Fulfillment. "Masturbation" is another way to describe this attitude, and it is an equally loving act.

I say "cynical" because, in its assumption that all efforts are equally futile, this outlook detaches us from any sense of responsibility for even trying. These days, we are judged by our attitudes, not our acts. I may be a

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tax lawyer, but I am a member of Amnesty International and the Coalition to Save the Whales. What can my profession matter so long as my meat is nitrite-free?

And "narcissistic" because, if Americans were once mocked for their passion to be free of germs, our passion now is to be free of the entanglements of human society. Not free from society altogether, like a hermit—only free of the permanent bonds, responsibilities, and compromises. A hermit can't go to a singles bar, but a child of this generation can, safe in the knowledge that through all his tomorrows he will be free to keep doing his own thing.

This is what Tom Wolfe calls "The 'Me' Generation," and it leaves no time for altruism. It leaves no time for anything, in fact, that gets in the way of the main goal—which is to learn the perfect backhand, have the perfect sex life, take the perfect trip to Europe, and go to law school at night. Extended families would have gotten in the way of that plan, but they were shed long ago. As part of the "Me" generation, spouses and children have also fallen from fashion. Unattached men and women think, with gratitude, of their freedom to experiment, which marriage would deny them. Young fashionable couples share a smirk of condescension when they pass contemporaries burdened with children. Those poor bastards have really gotten in a jam. In this world pregnancy is bad news, abortion far more thinkable than adoption.

Of course there are times when flexibility is better than commitment; there are certainly families that have been ruined by marriage and children too soon. But there is a secret most parents share about where "flexibility" and "freedom" lead. Those who have raised children know that it complicates their lives and compromises their choices in the most drastic way. Nothing works out as planned any more. Money is short, the kids are sick, and the house looks like hell. But what is the result? Usually it is the most satisfying kind of love the parents have ever experienced, selfless love, of the sort that there can never be too much of in the world. I am no propagandist for marriage; I believe no one should have children unless they're wanted. But I know for a fact, as any parent does, that this "altruistic" love is part of being fully human, and that we need more of it now. We can increase it, not through another baby boom or by outlawing cohabitation, but by making voluntary, altruistic efforts a regular part of our national life. I want to suggest three premises for making altruism more practical.

Modest, Regular Amounts

The first is that this should not be considered an onerous burden or a lifetime task. If "altruism" suggests only the Albert Schweitzers and the Dorothy Days, only a handful of disciples will take the pledge. Instead of a handful of saints, we need many millions of people who will contribute modest, regular amounts of service along the way. The standard of a tithe—which most churches preach and the Mormons enforce—may be too high for practical purposes, but even half of that, one twentieth of our time and energy, would make a tremendous difference. The easiest way to reach that proportion might be for young people to put in a year or two of full-time service before they begin their working lives. There are times in life, especially the late teens and early twenties, when a brief diversion from the world of school and work is not only tolerable but also quite welcome.

The second premise, a modification of the first, is that altruistic efforts should not be a monopoly of the young. Those 1,100 D. C. psychiatrists should be donating some of their time, too. In most small towns and established urban neighborhoods, volunteer projects are still a part of normal adult life, whether through the Rotary, the B'nai B'rith, the Jaycees, or the church.

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These features of small-town life bring us to the third premise: that the way to get more altruistic service is to build it into the structure of self-interest and success, and to make sure that other people will notice whether or not you are pulling your load.

Two features distinguish the small towns and the old, stable, usually ethnic neighborhoods of big cities, where altruism is still strong, from the faceless portions of the big cities, where it is not. One is that altruistic "public service" is part of the normal burden of success and respectability; the other is that your behavior is always noticed. If you are a respectable citizen of a small town, you follow the respectable pattern. You may be running your sporting goods shop on the sharpest of business principles, but you also help out with the Boy Scout troop, contribute to the church, and participate in Lions Club projects to help the blind. Group pressure, rather than spiritual nobility, may be the reason you are doing those things—but at least you are doing them. And you know that everyone will notice if you stop. The mixture of motives may vary: for the lady teaching Sunday school, it may be nine parts good-heartedness and one part the knowledge that others will notice, while for her husband serving as an usher in church the proportions may be reversed. But both are doing something, and there is nothing shameful about good works that are solidly grounded in self-interest.

Big cities fall short of these standards, because neither condition prevails: service is not part of success, and no one would notice anyway.

Everyone Would Notice

But these conditions can be changed, as the Parable of the Hats suggests. Not many years ago, a hat was a basic element in the wardrobe of success. A man in a certain position would no more neglect to wear his hat when he went outside than he would forget his shoes. Everyone would notice if he did. But then fashion changed—on January 20, 1961, to be precise—when John Kennedy wordlessly connected hats with the stuffy, vigor-less men of the past. The hats were just as good as they used to be, but it was no longer smart to wear them. *And everyone would notice if you did.*

In altruism, as in hats, it's a question of changing fashion and making people notice. With the right combination, altruism can become as popular as hats used to be. In New York, San Francisco, and many other big cities, the "charity ball" has somehow become the social event of the season. Few of those who attend could tell you precisely what charity is receiving their money; but they know that the balls are the local social arbiters, and that people will notice if they don't go. The Jerry Lewis telethon is Hollywood's answer to the charity ball: nine-tenths of the stars who give their all for Jerry's kids might not be able to distinguish muscular dystrophy from a case of the flu, but they're noticed on the show, and

It is all a question of leadership, for leaders have the power to issue the call. That is the power that this President, in particular, should possess.

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being invited proves they're stars. The battle to increase altruism, then, is in part the battle to make it more fashionable and better noticed.

This is one area where the press, guardian of our morals, could do as much for morality as it does by chasing Bert Lance. The inbred jadedness of every newsman makes him—and me—wince at the suggestion, but the more that good works are publicized by the press, the more people will find a reason to do them. For most people, the power of the press is never so dramatic as when it is the power to put their names in print. That is the genius of *The New York Times* in publishing the list of donors to its One Hundred Neediest Cases, and of small-town papers in running pictures of local good workers. This sort of thing can be overdone, as anyone who has read small-town papers knows, but if the national press raised its coverage of altruistic efforts from one per cent of the total coverage to three, it could turn the tide.

In big cities, another secret of success is to concentrate on the workplace, for that is the in-town equivalent of the fishbowl life of the small community. In the suburbs of New York or L. A. you may have no idea whether your next-door neighbor is an ax murderer or Bobby Fischer, and your neighbor knows as little about you. But at work your eyes are on others, and theirs on you. It is no accident that the United Way and the Red Cross organize their drives in offices, and that is where the Big Brothers and other similar groups should also concentrate. For teenagers, the best target of attack is the high school, where peer pressure is more intense than anywhere on earth except China.

For most Americans, these steps will be effective. Most of us rarely go out of our way to look for good deeds that need doing, but if good deeds are pointed out to us we'll usually pitch in—especially if we think we're being watched. That's why the press should do more.

Waiting for the Call

But there is another class of people, with different motives. There are many people in this country who are on the lookout for deeds to do, who have been looking for years. They are waiting for no more than the opportunity and the call. Whenever even the shadow of an opportunity comes along—as it does in presidential elections, when each side convinces itself that the future of freedom is at stake—they throw themselves into the effort, happy that at last they are doing something worthwhile. This was the reservoir that the Peace Corps tapped—and the civil rights movement. But for quite a while now it has been a reservoir without outlet.

Young people in particular are susceptible to these idealistic calls—and to jadedness when the call does not come. If their enthusiasm is misdirected, they can become Brown Shirts; if it is ridiculed, they can become members of the gangs, trying only to kill time; but if wise leaders build on it and direct it, it can create the Peace Corps and the CCC.

It is all a question of leadership, for leaders have the power to issue the call. That is the power that this President, in particular, should possess. The Jimmy Carter we all saw a year and a half ago was raised in the culture that considers service a natural part of life. He had been teaching Sunday school for years, an effort which, by even the most cold-blooded estimate, could win only a limited number of votes. His promise at that point was to make it fashionable once again to help and serve.

We've been waiting since then for the call, which by office and by personality Carter is suited to give. So far we have not heard it, except, in muted fashion, in the requests to turn down the thermostats. That's a shame, because we need to do more than that—and can, if Carter will ask. He still has the moral authority to do it, and his authority will grow if he dares to use it. ■

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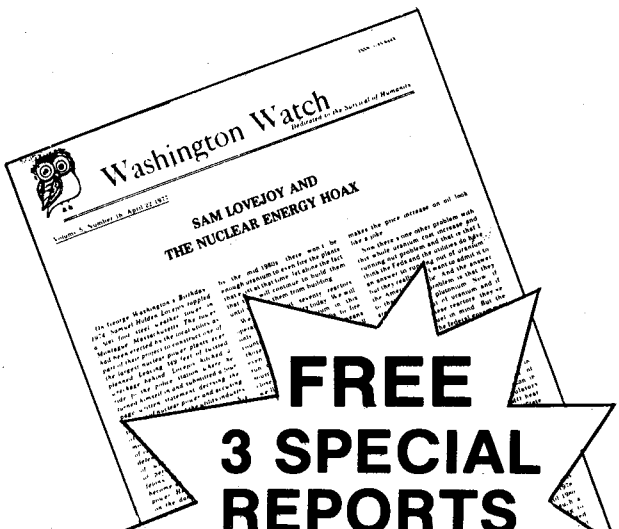

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Paler Than Truth: The Problem of the Washington Novel

by Tom Bethell

Because so many Washington novels are written by journalists, many of the flaws of the profession are mirrored in the novels. One such weakness of Washington journalists, especially the older generation of journalists, is their tendency to become the custodians of secrets. They accumulate them as a magpie collects scraps of bright glass. A journalist worth his salt, after he has been here a few years, will be at the eye of a hurricane of secrets. He will not, of course, share them with his readers. To do that would be to write his way out of his charmed "inner circle," to betray his secret society. Journalists in Washington, I believe, often tend to prize discretion above all other virtues. They become circumscribed, and in the end hamstrung, by the requirement that they honor the code, respect the agreement, preserve the silence, maintain the confidentiality. That way they get closer to the center—the center of what in Washington is always called "power"—power having an intimate connection with knowing secrets and not disclosing them. If a journalist breaks the code, of course, then he is automatically banished to the circumference, where the power is weak, the secrets not worth knowing.

So, a lot of journalists here know a lot, but as a rule they are constitutionally unable to write down a good deal of what they know. Some don't mind at all. Others regard it as a pity, and come to the conclusion that there must be *some* way of getting it all down on paper without being banished to the intellectual beltway, and so they decide to write a novel. This explains the origin of a good many Washington novels, e.g., *In The National Interest*, by Marvin Kalb and Ted Koppel. "Sometimes you can really say things in fiction form that you can't express in non-fiction," says Marvin Kalb, who works for CBS-TV and presumably wants to go on working there. "If anyone is inter-

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ested in shuttle diplomacy and the nature of Kissinger as a diplomat and manipulator of events, the novel gives more insight into his technique than reporting."

I don't see that it does, though—not from this book. It is about the peregrinations of a Secretary of State called Felix John Vandenberg, who "possessed the lingering trace of a British accent, which had been acquired at Eton and Oxford, where Vandenberg had studied during his father's years as an international banker in Europe." Sorry, but that isn't Kissinger. If Kalb, who undoubtedly does know a lot about Kissinger and his famous shuttle diplomacy, wants to write about these things, then perhaps he should stand up and be counted and write a work of non-fiction. When he says that you can say things in fiction form that you *can't* express in non-fiction, Kalb surely means *daren't*. Similarly, when he describes Kissinger as a manipulator of events, it seems to me that "manipulator of people" would be closer to the mark, with Kalb among them.

The idea behind books like this seems to be to draw the reader into a kind of guessing game: although Vandenberg in name, is this in fact how Kissinger behaved at Amman? And so on. In this instance, I felt a strong disinclination to get drawn into playing the game. But if someone wants to write a book about the real-life Kissinger, saying this is the way it was aboard the plane, and this was how he manipulated reporters, then I will sit up and pay attention. At the same time, I'll pay attention to all the extraneous detail, too—all the telex message clutter that so fascinates Kalb and Koppel, because in non-fiction they would be under an obligation to get all this detail right, whereas in a work of fiction they are not.

I suppose I feel a certain sense of pique here because there is no reason at all why one of those journalists aboard the famous "shuttle diplomacy" plane shouldn't take the kid gloves of fiction off and tell it straight. (Another possibility is that another journalist who wasn't on board could "reconstruct" the scene by interviewing the journalists who were there and promising them the

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same confidentiality that they promised Kissinger. Would they talk under these circumstances? Probably not. Kissinger undoubtedly did too good a job of convincing them that they were a part of history in the making.)

Another "guessing game" novel is *Orchids for Mother* by Aaron Latham. This one deals with the CIA. But in this instance it is easier for the reader to get "involved." I think this may be because the book includes among its dramatis personae a character who comes to life, which is rare in Washington novels. This is "Mother," the head of the CIA's counterintelligence and in charge of the Israeli desk. Mother is based on James Angleton, who was also head of the CIA's counterintelligence and in charge of the Israeli desk. The central feature of the book is the bureaucratic battle between Mother and Ernest O'Hara, the director of Central Intelligence —the "Colby" character.

Latham interviewed Angleton several times shortly after Angleton resigned from the CIA; then Latham interviewed some other CIA people but got some contradictions in their stories. Nevertheless he believes that the stories in the book about the CIA are true. Some of them are of great interest, for example the "allegation" that the CIA knew in advance that the 1973 Yom Kippur War was about to start, but was prevented from warning Israel about it by "the Secretary of State" (never identified as Kissinger), who feared that "if the Israelis knew they were about to be attacked, they would strike first, rout the Arabs, and be more intractable than ever at the negotiating table." How much of all this really is true is never clear, but Latham says, at least, that he did not make up any of the 'background detail" about the CIA in the narrative.

But the book's main success is in the character of Mother, who is as interesting as Angleton himself. Whether this success in characterization was due to the existence of a real-life model, or, more simply, to Latham's skill as a writer I don't know; but what is certain is that a major weakness of current Washington novels is that their characters generally fail to come to life. I think the reason for this is that so many of these characters are mere labels: the President; the chief of staff; the Senator; the bureau chief. When we read these labels, we are inclined to "react" with our own preconceived notions of what such people are like (e. g., when I read the label "chief of staff," someone vaguely Haldeman-like comes to mind), and such private reactions are likely to override any impression of character that the author is trying to sow in the reader's mind. Not that the author tries particularly hard, in most cases; he is content to let "Secretary of State" tell you what that person is like. One reason for this is that Washingtonians in general very often see one another according to their labels, rather than as human beings: title is everything. ("How do you do . . . . What do you do . . . ?")

For this reason it may well be that all Washington novels involving such stereotyped characters are doomed, as far as bringing those characters to life in any distinctive or idiosyncratic way is concerned. It is as though the author is reduced to playing a game of literary chess with "the President" (queen), "the Secretary of State" (bishop), and so on. As with chess, there are an infinite number of ways in which such pieces can be moved, but in any game one queen is indistinguishable from another.

Chess Pieces All

This is strikingly true of William Safire's *Full Disclosure*, which is nevertheless the best of the recent Washington novels. For one thing, Safire can write better than most. He has an elaborate cast of characters, chess pieces all. But Safire has worked out their moves more carefully than is customary, so the chess game becomes interesting. The President goes blind. What next? I found that the book had

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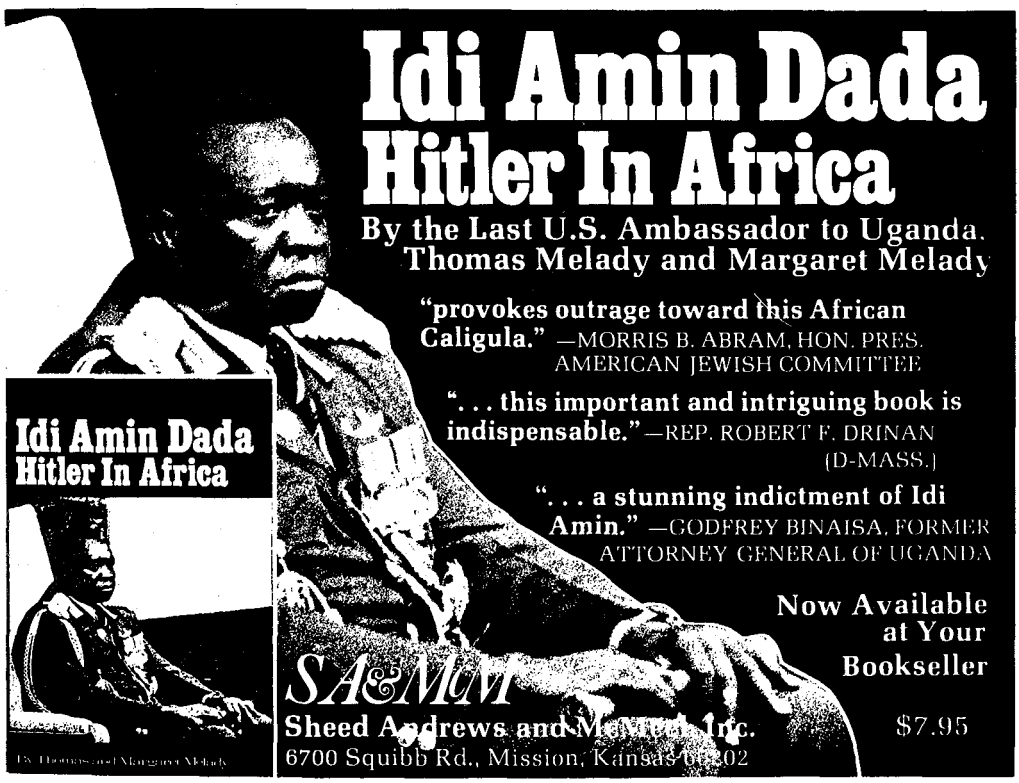
a horrible kind of fascination; one sat for hours reading it in an involuntary, reluctant narcosis. Almost everyone in the book is to some degree unpleasant, which is no doubt why the book casts a pall of depression over one's mind. It is quite possible, of course, that this is an accurate reflection of life at the White House—life at the center of the innermost circle of power.

The illumination of character is seriously hampered by the use of chessmen instead of people we feel we know, and in some other Washington novels this illumination of character is made dimmer still by the author's desire to send us a message. Using the chess analogy, one could say that in these novels the author is not content to let his pieces play a "game," because he wants to use them to dramatize a certain chess "problem." In message novels the range of interest is narrowed even further.

Three such "message" novels have come out lately: Abigail McCarthy's *Circles*, Herbert and Benjamin Stein's *On the Brink*, and Barbara Raskin's *The National Anthem*. McCarthy's book is really dismal. I found that I almost literally had to fight my way from page to page, it is so uninvolving. The notion of "circles" as applied to Washington society is, of course, a promising one, but McCarthy does not even come close to describing these circles. She has her chess-piece Senator and her chess-piece Media Star, but she uses them not to demonstrate, dispassionately, how the Washington Game is played, but specifically to show how such people tend to make life rotten for women. That is the task of her chess pieces.

Circles is a novel of murmured soliloquies about broken marriages and solitude, with eyes blurring briefly, identities lost and found, people alone, and further soliloquizing. The book is carelessly edited. The Senator's assistant is described as "his A.A.," as though this would be meaningful to those outside Wash-



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ington. A Washington kaffeeklatsch would, of course, know what it meant, and I suspect that this is McCarthy's true audience. At one point she sets forth a press information sheet for a "Luncheon given by the Ladies of the Senate in honor of Mrs. Ford, April 22, 1975." There is a paragraph of names, beginning: "Chairman, Mrs. Lawton Chiles; Co-Chairman, Mrs. J. Glenn Beall . . . . " Then comes the punch line, in case you were wondering what this was all about: "They don't go for the chairperson bit, I see—not very liberated of them, is it?" That's about the level of it.

Barbara Raskin's book is better written, but it turns out to be too conspicuously an attempt to get the reader to feel sorry for her heroine, whose old man, an Abbie Hoffman figure, has prudently gone underground one step ahead of the FBI. Bereft Nona finds herself in a world of smarty-pants liberal journalists and other power trippers, who only came alive to the threat of Watergate because one or two of their own were finally harassed by wiretaps; otherwise they wouldn't have cared. The males are uniformly caddish:

"The males spiced their certitudes with intimate allusions to powerful people and inside information until eventually Nona realized, despite her drunkenness, that she was letting outrageous statements pass unchallenged because they were camouflaged in old-boy-club dialect. It was only the men's camaraderie and commonly shared assumptions that gave authority to their opinions."

Intelligent, but too didactic. There's some energy to the story, even if it usually takes the form of anger. Raskin could write something interesting about Washington yet if she would stop thinking of life in terms of males vs. females—them vs. us.

The Steins' *On the Brink* is the most outrageously message-ridden of all these books, but at least their message—deliberately inflating the currency does not solve the problems of poor people but instead is a prescription for anarchy and demagogic takeover—is unusual. After a chapter or two one abandons all pretense of observing any minutiae of character that are presented and confines oneself entirely to the fiduciary developments. The book comes across as a comparatively painless piece of instruction in economics. It is a novel in name only.

As Inevitably as the Air

It seems to me, then, that there are two frequently encountered difficulties with the Washington novel: cardboard characters—the result of succumbing to the temptation to make "the Senator" the central figure; and covert (or overt) ideological design on the part of the writer—ideology being something that one inhales as inevitably as the humid air in Washington, and thus that exists as an ever-present temptation for the writer.

When one turns to the great novels of the past, one finds that their most enduring features are, first, characterization—getting to know the people and how they interact with one another—and perhaps equally important, the social organization, or lie of the land, in which these characters move. One reads today's Washington novels in vain for any serious attempt to outline the social topography of Washington—how people get ahead or fall behind socially. One thinks here almost inevitably of Becky Sharp, the heroine of *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray shows us how she "got ahead" in London, at a time when London was the most important capital in the world.

Becky Sharp would have done marvelously in Washington—the city is made for her, one might say. And there are plenty of Becky Sharps in our midst today, but they are rarely written about. (Willie Morris had a shot at this story, incidentally, in *The Last of the Southern Girls*, but why was this book so unsuccessful? No doubt because he was insufficiently

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amused by his Carol Hollywell, humor being conspicuously absent from today's Washington novel. If Morris hadn't taken Carol Hollywell so seriously he might have been onto something.)

Perhaps the great untold Washington story is "the techniques of social climbing," and it remains so because most of the writers are engaged in it themselves; they also have been indoctrinated, in many instances, into believing that "the issues" are the only matters weighty enough to warrant their attention.

To a limited extent, admittedly, this all-important social climbing and jockeying *is* described in some Washington novels, but only in such circumscribed settings as the White House (*Full Disclosure*) or the immediate entourage of Powerful People (*In the National Interest*). The trouble with this is that most people never get anywhere near these positions, and so one reads them not for illumination of class or character (as one does Thackeray or Dickens), but for the "factual" details and gadgetry—how telexes are sent, or how the "black box" works, or where the President's bedroom is in relation to the Lincoln Sitting Room.

Immediately after that is acknowledged, however, we stumble into an even more serious difficulty-of-the-novel. And this is surely the crucial point: more and more nowadays, this kind of detail is being given to us in *non-fiction* books about Washington. The groans of displeasure when one mentions "new journalism" these days are almost universal, but that is what I am referring to. (It should have been given another name.)

Most people, especially old-time journalists in Washington, think that "new journalism" means blending fact and fiction and writing about oneself all the time; in fact it means doing such detailed reporting on the subject at hand that the writer is then able to write the article, or book, using certain devices of fiction: setting the

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action in "scenes," using dialogue, and noting details that illuminate class and status.

In recent years, a small number of books have been written about Washington that fit the above description, but fortunately for their reputations, no one has thought to damn them with the epithet "new journalism." The most striking example has been *The Final Days* by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein. Another was *All The President's Men*, this being a more unusual (although easier to write) example of the genre, because Woodward and Bernstein included themselves as central characters in the book and wrote about each other in the third person. (This technique has since been repeated, with less success, in some chapters of *Public Trust, Private Lust* by Marion Clark and Rudy Maxa.) *Blind Ambition* by John Dean could also be defined as "new journalism" because the book is set in scenes and uses dialogue and enough other detail to read, in parts, "like a novel."

The Final Days is impressive because Woodward and Bernstein did such detailed and thorough reporting of what had gone on at the White House that they were able to permit the "scaffolding" of conventional journalism to drop away and tell the story as though they had been present, but invisible, in the White House, during the final days. They write:

"Nixon got down on his knees. Kissinger felt he had no alternative but to kneel down, too. The President prayed out loud, asking for help, rest, peace and love. How could a President and a country be torn apart by such small things? Kissinger thought he had finished. But the President did not rise. He was weeping. And then, still sobbing, Nixon leaned over and struck his fist on the carpet, crying, 'What have I done? What has happened?' "

This is extraordinary stuff. Notice that all the usual attributions—"according to sources"—are omitted. (A number of old-journalist reviewers got a bit huffy on this account, incidentally, without seeming to notice that Woodward and Bernstein thus left themselves exposed to the rebuttal that such events had *not* taken place in a way that they would not have if their assertions had been "hedged" in the usual way by being ascribed to sources unnamed; but such denials were not forthcoming, although a number of people said that they had not talked to the pair—quite a different matter.) In any event, their material instantly became far more realistic than it would have been with all the elaborate scaffolding of attribution still in place.

But the great power of the new journalism is not simply its realism. Almost all Washington novels today give us realism on every page—all the detail about how the White House and Congress work, and so on. The great attraction of journalism, old or new, is that the reader knows that these things really happened, that this is really true.

In the Kalb and Koppel book one's eye is apt to glide over such material as, "Shortly after takeoff from Amman, a red light had been activated on the incoming telex machine in an alcove just behind the cockpit." Because it is in the no-man's land between fact and fiction, the reader is inclined not to care whether it is true or not.

The same is true with John Ehrlichman's President Richard Monckton. "As Frank Flaherty walked into the dim room," we read, "he heard the telephone receiver smash into its cradle and he could not resist a smile. Another telephone instrument had met its doom at the hands of the Mad Monk, he thought . . . . " Monckton, or Nixon?

Even while pondering the question, we soon notice that Woodward and Bernstein, and John Dean, give us the real-life Nixon to read about, immediately rendering the question, as it were, moot.

In an introductory essay to a collection of "new journalism," Tom Wolfe noted that as the novel developed in the 19th century, the crucial

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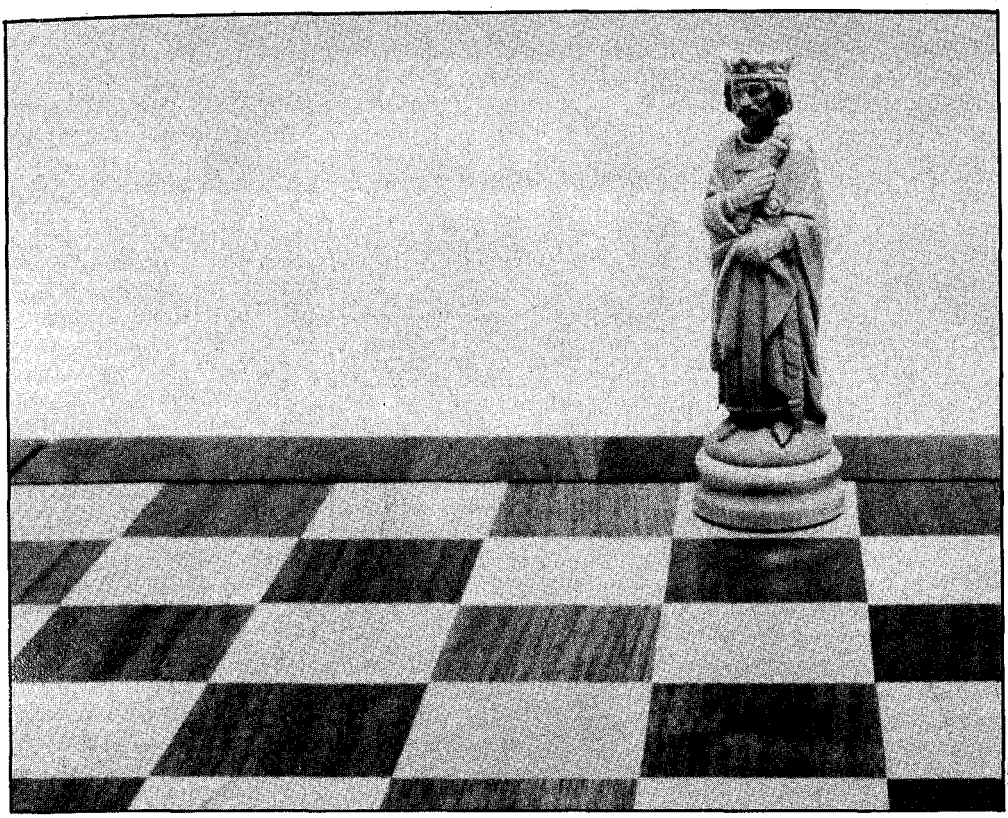

Al Fiterman

new device that gave the novel such power was realism. It was, he said, comparable to "the introduction of electricity into machine technology" —something that you couldn't go back on, in other words.

Well, the point is that we now have a new step forward in the technology: the assurance that the events described actually happened. This exerts a strong gravitational pull upon the reader's attention. The "electricity" of novelistic realism has now been supplemented by a powerful new magnetism.

And that is the most fundamental problem with almost all of contemporary Washington fiction. I don't care whether it's William Safire's President Sven Ericson or Kalb and Koppel's Secretary Vandenberg or Ervin Duggan and Ben J. Wattenberg's President Carl Rattigan ("He radiated energy, vitality, zest for his high office . . . ."), or, heaven help us, Abigail McCarthy's Senator Sam Nordahl (from the State of Onahaska) or Benjamin Stein's wicked chairman of the Federal Reserve, George McConger, the North Dakota populist; I don't care who it is, the problem is always the same, and it is very simple: we have had—we have "tasted"—the real-life President Nixon on his knees. Who can top that?

We are like carnivores who have been given a taste of raw meat, and are now expected to go back to the watery greens of fiction. It is only with the very greatest reluctance that we are prepared to do it.

Therefore, journalists old and novelists new, stop taking refuge in fiction; tell us what you know; spill a few secrets. It may banish you from the tables of the mighty, but those tables have a way of being very impermanent anyway. Throw out those "Senators" and that "chief of staff" and give us the real-life Becky Sharp, who is with us today, making the move from Adams-Morgan to Georgetown. You have nothing to lose but your chess pieces! ■

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Tidbits and Outrages

Family Newspaper Story

The Washington office of the Brown, Dowling public relations firm is headed by Keven Bellows. Her husband, James Bellows, is editor of *The Washington Star*. One of Mrs. Bellows' clients is the Japanese government, and the *Star* runs a lot of articles about Japan. We wonder what the *Star's* editorial position was when it was disclosed that Marion Javits, wife of the senator from New York, was doing public relations work for Iran.

Your Friends at Ford

The Ford Motor Company has disclosed that in 1973 it discovered safety hazards in its 1972 Torino and Montego models but did not recall the cars until a mechanic was killed by the defect last year. "It's regrettable," says Henry Ford II, "that we did not get on this more quickly."

Two Hats Can Be Profitable

Last month in "Tilting at Windmills" we mentioned in passing that the maritime industry had paid Gerald Rafshoon, the President's media advisor, to run an advertising and public relations campaign on behalf of the oil cargo preference bill. We didn't say more about it because we thought it would become a major story. But it hasn't. The only reporter to give the story the attention it deserves is Robert Shogan of *The Los Angeles Times*, who has disclosed that the industry gave Rafshoon's firm contracts of $750,000 for advertising and $250,000 for public relations. Carter's pollster, Pat Caddell, was also paid for polling work he did on behalf of the maritime lobby. Both Rafshoon and Caddell have White House credentials that permit them to come and go to the executive mansion as often as they please, Shogan reports, and both sometimes sit in on staff meetings, particularly the gatherings of Hamilton Jordan's political staff.

Notes from the Underground

Thomas Crosby and Isabelle Shelton of *The Washington Star* recently wrote a question-and-answer column explaining some of the foul-ups in the Washington subway system, Metro. Here is a sampling:

"*Why aren't there straps to hang onto in the subway cars?*

"Metro, believe it or not, rejected the straps because (1) they were considered unsightly, (2) trains eventually would arrive so frequently—every 90 seconds—most people would not have to stand, and (3) blind people would bump into the straps. So hand grips are provided on the backs of the seats and some floor-to-ceiling metal bars have been installed, even though blind people may bump into them also.

"*Why is there no station across from the White House?*

"The Secret Service vetoed a proposed Metro line under Pennsylvania Avenue, so Metro goes under Lafayette Park instead. Hundreds of thousands of dollars could have been saved if Lafayette Park had been torn up during construction but the National Park Service said no.

"However, a short time later the Park Service itself tore up the park to put in two new fountains. It never apologized to either Metro or area taxpayers for the foul-up."

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New Struggles on the Anti-Racist Front

This is an exact quote from the National Public Radio show, "All Things Considered" with Eleanor Holmes Norton on August 4. The interviewer is David Ensor:

"Ensor: 'Mrs. Norton's husband is Edward Norton, appointed by the Carter Administration to be Deputy General Counsel to the Department of Housing, Development, and Welfare. So the Nortons are one of those couples included in what the press called the $100,000-club. Together they earn more than that in taxpayers' money each year. How does it feel?'

"Norton: '[laughing] When I look around the country and see how many families with white male heads make that much money by themselves, I don't—I don't—consider myself nearly as much—nearly as much—a member of a privileged class as I might.' "

Get-Well-Quick Schemes

Some years ago, there was a book written called *The Tyranny of the Experts*. Daniel S. Greenberg, the science writer, recently pointed out that we should continue to beware of the tyrants:

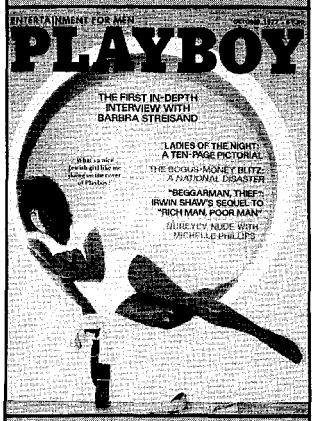
"The First Law of Expert Advice states: Don't ask the barber whether you need a haircut.

"Consider, for example, shark repellent, a curious case recently brought to light by Sen. Lee Metcalf (D-Mont.). Those who have had occasion to don a military life jacket will recall that a teabag-size container labeled 'Shark Chaser' is tied, amulet-like, to each of these devices. Contained in the bag is a water-soluble chemical that is supposed to be to sharks as the crucifix is to vampires. Put into service by the U. S. Navy during World War II, Shark Chaser, like defective parachutes, rarely prompted reports from disappointed users. So the Defense Department went on buying it, year after year.

"From November 1969 to February 1974, it bought 84,450 packets, at a cost of $345,000, though scientific doubts about its efficacy were expressed as far back as 1958 and later tests demonstrated that sharks have no aversion to *eating* Shark Chaser. Three years ago, Navy researchers reviewed this disquieting fact and on their recommendation the Navy decided to stop using the stuff—after over 30 years of routinely attaching it to life jackets.

"Proceeding with our examination of modern-day witchcraft, we turn to a case of the 1960s, involving gastric freezing, a technique that was supposed to destroy the stomach cells that produce acids associated with duodenal ulcers.

"The operation quickly caught on as a standard medical procedure. However, after a few years, gastric freezing was abandoned. Studies showed that the freezing did not destroy the acid-producing cells, which, as it turned out, was quite fortunate, since their destruction would have been harmful to the patient. The 'relief' that the patients reported was traced to nothing more than the treatment's placebo effect. But the tricky procedures involved in carrying out gastric freezing sometimes produced miserable side effects, among them more ulcers and bleeding, as well as complications that sometimes proved fatal."



Up from Vulgarity

Remember the old line you learned in high-school biology class, "ontogeny recapitulates philogeny"? To refresh your memory, it meant that the human fetus passes through all the stages of evolution before it's born.

That may have seemed hard to believe, but we now have an example from outside the womb. A few months ago we quoted an advertisement for *Playboy* that said the attitude of today's young men is, "Right now I'm into a lot of things that take money." But now *Playboy* has come out with its fall campaign, and this time the exemplar of young America says, "Now there are other levels to my life, feelings like mellow and quiet. It has nothing to do with spending or not spending money, either."

So if fetuses can go from fish to mammal in nine months, the *Playboy* reader is even more amazing—he's gone from nouveau riche to aristocrat in six.

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The President and the Senator's Wife

by Arthur Levine

Illustrations by Chuck Steacy

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It was 7:30 on a Saturday morning in August, and White House Press Secretary Jerry Porter opened his eyes for a few moments to look at the alarm clock. Realizing that he had the day off, the six-foot, blond-haired aide rolled over on the satin sheets covering his waterbed and smiled with deep satisfaction. Beside him in bed, his voluptuous wife, Annie, lay curled up in sleep, her auburn hair cascading down over her smooth, white shoulders and plump, firm breasts. He flushed briefly as he thought of the heights of passion they had scaled the night before. Yes, he mused inside the bedroom of his chic Georgetown home near the corner of 31st and N Streets N.W., life had been good to him.

At 29, he was the youngest press secretary in the history of Western civilization, raking in a cool 50 Gs, plus expenses. He had come far and fast in his climb to the top, and now he was a long way from his family's farm in rural South Carolina. He wasn't poor white trash any more.

Across the plush carpeted room, the beeper in his Gucci pants began an insistent buzzing. "Dammit," Jerry Porter moaned to himself, "what does the Old Man want now?" It was four signals, repeated at intervals. It meant that the President was calling his top aides for an emergency meeting. Five signals meant nuclear war had been declared. Jerry Porter knew that this one was important. "Sorry, babe," he said, patting his wife's rump, "I've got to go to 1600 Pennsylvania."

"Oh Jerry," Annie said, stirring awake, "why can't we spend any time together? You *promised* to take me and the kids to the zoo today. Didn't the President say he wanted his staff to spend more time with their families?"

Jerry Porter chuckled with amusement. "That was just for public consumption, kid." He reached for his first cigarette of the day. By that night he would smoke three packs of Marlboros, blithely ignoring the Surgeon General's warnings about health hazards.

"Hey, bitch," Jerry Porter snarled suddenly, "where the hell are my cuff links?"

His wife fell back on the bed, sobbing. "They're in the second drawer on the left," she said. "I'm sorry I didn't lay your clothes out last night. I was just so tired from cleaning house all day. And then you made me perform unnatural acts all night long until I nearly dropped dead from exhaustion."

"If you don't like it," Jerry Porter hissed as he rummaged through his walk-in closet, "go back to South Carolina and marry some goddamn redneck."

As he walked out the door of the bedroom, he flung some dirty socks at his wife's reclining figure. "I want those cleaned when I get back," he said. "I'll have my secretary call you later to tell you when I'll be home."

Downstairs in the kitchen, he saw a pile of urgent messages from promising young novelists gathering material for important books on Washington life. The writers merely wanted to ask Porter a few questions about the White House, but the press secretary just threw the messages in the trash without even bothering to look at them. He didn't think it was worth his while to answer their polite queries, regardless of the contributions these talented writers could make to Western literature.

He went out the back door to the garage he'd constructed in violation of local zoning ordinances. He ran a hand over his 1977 Silver Cloud Rolls Royce, then got inside his battered 1965 Volkswagen—the one the boys in the press said gave him the "common touch."

This goddamn meeting had better

Arthur Levine is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly. *Publishers' advances for this novel can be sent care of his agent.*

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be important, he thought to himself as he turned left onto M Street and headed towards Pennsylvania Avenue. By the end of the day, he would know that it had been the most important meeting of his life.

Across the Potomac, at his huge estate in McLean, jut-jawed, handsome Senator Jim Canaday of Connecticut did not have a beeper that summoned him to the inner sanctums of power. Nevertheless, he stirred uneasily in his sleep on this Saturday morning. He sensed, somehow, that the Republic was in peril.

Ever since that night in Provincetown a few years back, Senator Canaday's slumber had also been haunted by dreams of what might have been. It had been a nasty incident, one nobody liked to talk about any more. Something about too many drinks. A blonde. A car crash. Tragedy. Although she was the one who'd been driving, there were whispers that he was at fault.

After that, it was only a matter of time until the back-room boys and the editorial writers and the columnists started saying he wasn't fit to be President. It was a bald-faced lie, but he reluctantly abandoned his quest for the White House. Instead, he became the best damn senator in Washington. He took some pride in that, although the real power lay elsewhere. On this muggy Saturday morning, another man occupied the Oval Office. It didn't make much difference, really; only the fate of the country hung in the balance.

From different corners of Washington, as the sun rose over the rolling Virginia hills and scattered its rays over a still-dozing city, the most powerful men and women in government headed towards their rendezvous with destiny. Neither the members of the Cabinet nor the Vice President were invited to these high-level meetings. Instead, the President relied on a small group of hand-picked advisors, isolated from public opinion behind the steep metal gates of the White House. Besides Porter, there was portly Maggie Scarlatti, the hot-tempered domestic advisor who tried to bury her loneliness under long hours of work; Beauregard Jones, the tyrannical chief of staff whose amiable exterior belied a fierce determination to protect his leader at all costs; Mike Duvall, the long-haired whiz-kid pollster who followed with Machiavellian cunning the whims of public opinion; Curt Mance, the chubby, tight-fisted budget director whose high-living ways blinded him to the human misery of the nation's poor; and Abe Goldenstein, the boyish chief researcher who was torn between loyalty to his President and loyalty to the common good. The air was electric with excitement as the White House guards waved them through to special free parking places on West Executive Avenue, the closed-off street adjacent to the West Wing of the White House.

When they entered the Oval Office, the President was staring out the huge picture window at the Washington Monument off in the distance. Sometimes, Abe Goldenstein thought, it must be the loneliest job in the world. The office was sparsely furnished, reflecting the President's simple tastes. A large oak desk with the Presidential seal mounted in front was bathed in the early-morning light, flanked by two American flags. On the wall were paintings of Revolutionary War fighting ships, and, as a slight personal touch, photographs of nuclear submarines. The aides kept a respectful silence.

When the President turned to face them, he wasn't smiling. In private, Buddy Turner's famous grin was as rare as a virgin on Capitol Hill. The toothy smile that propelled the ambitious, hard-driving Turner from a small Southern town to the nation's highest office was just another tool he used to manipulate the masses. His

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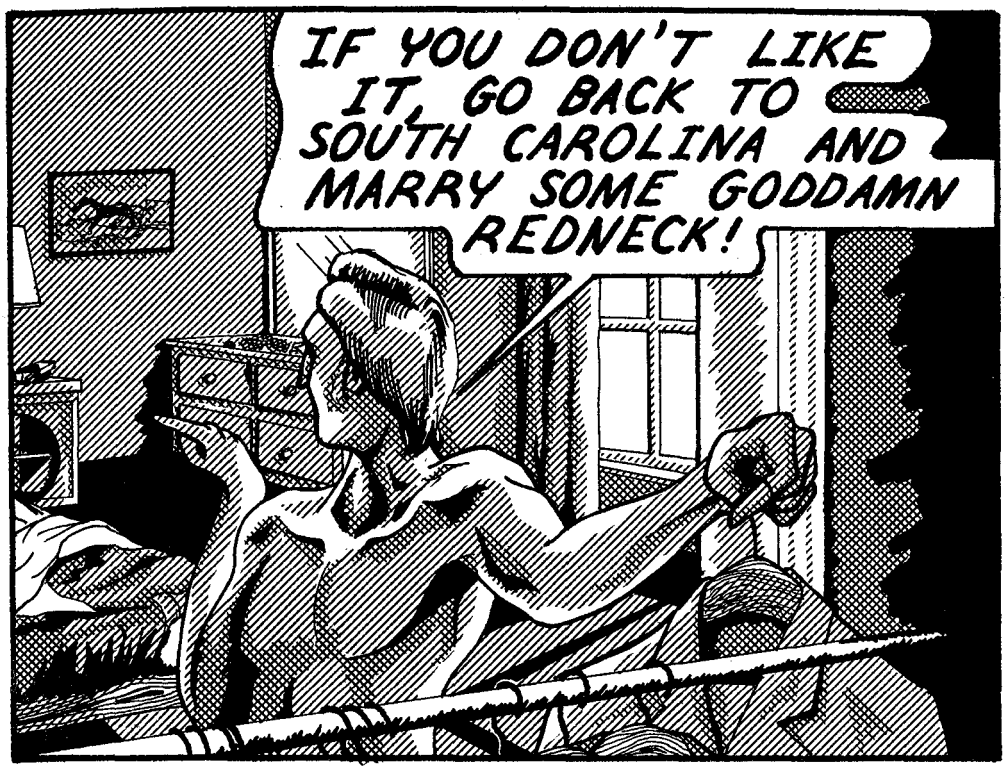

curious mix of populism and fiscal conservatism had proved to be wildly popular. But beneath the casual, folksy appearance there lurked a cold, calculating intelligence. He had a mind like a steel trap, poised like a cobra, ready to spring at a moment's notice. His piercing blue eyes took in everything around him.

'Gentlemen," the President said, "and ladies"—he added with a nod in Maggie Scarlatti's direction—"I have come to an important decision." He gestured to some overstuffed couches and chairs in a corner of the blue-carpeted rooms. "Please be seated." Mike Duvall and Curt Mance smiled knowingly at each other.

The President took a seat next to Jerry Porter. He looked around the room, then said in a quiet voice, "I want to abolish HEW and cut off all its funds. It's about time that we stop wasting the taxpayers' money on useless programs." His blue eyes had a crazed glint in them as he spoke. "Personally, I think that people who can't hold down a job deserve to starve to death."

A strange silence fell in the room. A smile played across the sinister lips of Curt Mance, who had worked his will on the President. The others were calculating how to present the news to the world outside the White House—and how to maintain their places in the pecking order during the power struggle that was sure to follow. Only Abe Goldenstein was troubled by the moral implications of the decision.

"But, Mr. President, what about welfare mothers who depend on the government to feed their families?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"Ship 'em back to Africa!" the President joked, breaking into a smile for the first time that day. The others laughed raucously at the vicious jest.

Goldenstein wondered to himself whether this was the same Buddy Turner who promised during the campaign to help the downtrodden and oppressed. He felt bitter, betrayed, angry. "And what about the

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millions of aging and infirm Americans who depend on Social Security to survive? It just isn't fair!" he exclaimed heatedly.

"Life isn't fair," the President answered. "Nothing in the Constitution guarantees money to people who live off the rest of us. My first priority is to balance the budget, and none of HEW's 400 programs could be justified during our review process." He turned to his budget director and said, "Tell them about it, Curt."

Mance took out a sheaf of papers and flashed a malevolent smile. "HEW spending has quadrupled in the last ten years, until it's now eating up 36 per cent of the federal budget. There are 140,000 do-nothing bureaucrats on their payroll. We went over their programs with a fine-tooth comb." He paused dramatically. "They're all worthless. We feel the free market is the best solution to our nation's problems—it's a dog-eat-dog world, and only the fit deserve to survive."

"That's right," the President interjected. "Now," he said, signaling the end of the meeting with an arrogant wave of his hand, "it's up to you people to take care of the opposition." His aides, with the exception of the still-troubled Goldenstein, nodded in agreement.

"I expect," the President added, "we'll get some flak on this." He chuckled to himself. "I love a good fight."

Later that morning, in one of the Capitol building's 75 secret hideaway offices, Senator Willie Lee Flanders of Mississippi waited to see his comely blond "secretary" for another kind of meeting. With his flowing white hair and florid face, the crafty 58-year-old chairman of the powerful Senate Appropriations Committee had developed over the years a taste for good liquor and shapely women. Now, dressed in a white suit and a carefully knotted black string tie, he reached for a glass of bourbon as he contemplated himself in the mirror. Still fit as a fiddle, he thought to himself.

"Willie-poo? Are you here?"

A giggly female voice punctured the silence of the office. The Senator turned around. It was Bubbles Malone, a sultry temptress who knew her way around the bedrooms of Capitol Hill. In exchange for her services, she got a swank apartment, fancy clothes, and a cushy series of jobs in high-powered legislative offices. Now she "worked" for Senator Flanders. "Gee, Mr. Flanders, it's dark in here," she breathed in a husky voice.

"That's the way I like it," Flanders said, pointing to a plush velvet couch, ironically positioned underneath the sacred American flag.

Almost at once, they were naked together, man and woman, groping blindly in a wild, animal passion. The sword of his manhood pulsed with desire as she opened herself to him. "Oh! Oh!" she moaned as he entered her, their bodies joined together in ecstasy. They moved with a frenzied lust towards a thrill-packed climax. Afterwards, spent by their love-making, they lay together on the couch. Senator Flanders smoked a cigar. "Hey, honey," he leered, "have you learned how to type yet?" As always on the Hill, the workaday world was never far from anyone's mind.

Only later would Senator Flanders, the President's latest ally, learn about the crucial meeting that took place at the White House. For now, he was simply using his position for his own personal advantage, heedless to the plight of migrant workers in his home state. In Washington, power was the ultimate aphrodisiac.

Inside his spacious, sixth-floor office in HEW's gleaming new South Portal Building, Secretary Tony Mariola gazed out thoughtfully at the traffic on Independence Avenue. For a moment, he allowed his glance to fall

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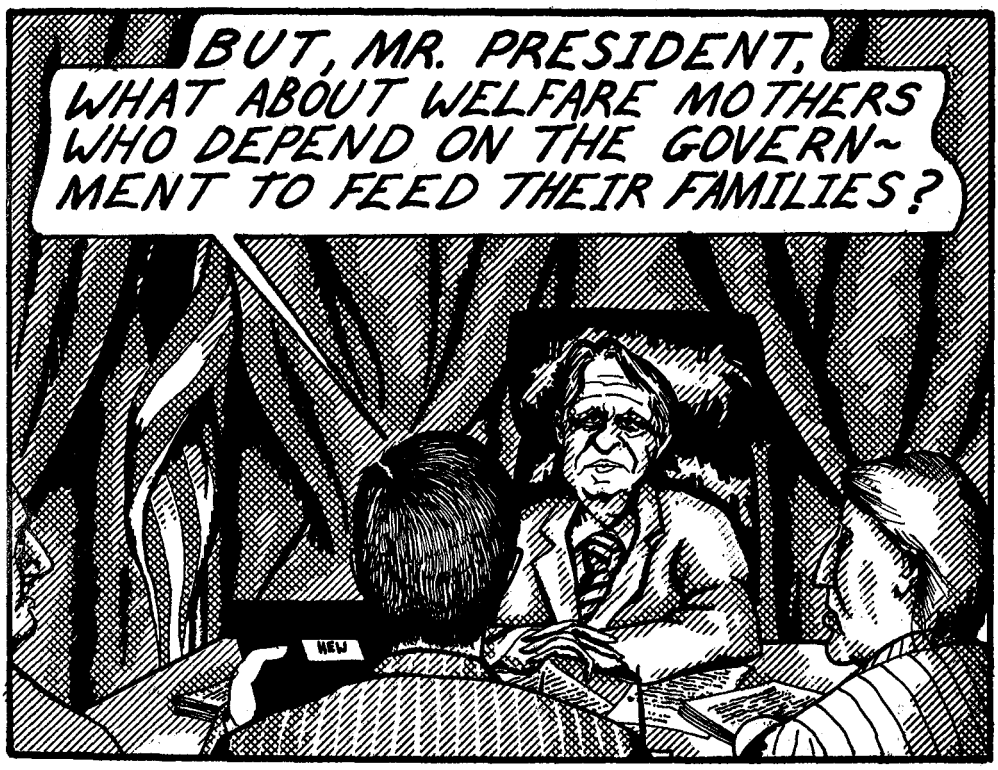
on the tasteful Picasso paintings on the office wall. On his desk was the Monday morning edition of *The Washington Post*, with the stark headline: **HEW FACES TURNER DEATH THREAT**. If this story was true—and most Washington newspaper articles, no matter how inaccurate, contained a kernel of truth somewhere—the savvy Secretary knew that the inner cities would be plunged into chaos and despair. A former corporate lawyer, Mariola was a feisty mix of idealism and street smarts, and his plans to ease human suffering would "go by the boards" if HEW was abolished. Like the dedicated band of civil servants who worked underneath him, Mariola was not concerned about the fate of his own job—he could always get higher paying work elsewhere—but rather about the fate of the Republic, although he was too modest to say that aloud. Now he would wait to hear from the President before deciding what to do.

"Mr. Secretary," his devoted secretary, Alice, said, "It's the President on the line."

Mariola picked up a black phone. "Hello, Mr. President," he said, "what's this story all about?"

"Sorry, Tony," the President said, "I've got to cut down on red tape. My only regret is that you had to learn about it in the papers. I'm going to track down the bastard who leaked this and destroy his career. As for you, you'd better line up behind me."

"Mr. President, I think you're making a big mistake," Mariola answered politely but firmly. "I don't think you'll get away with it." As he spoke, his mind drifted back to his boyhood in the Italian slums of Newark. There, a government-funded social worker had told him about a place called Harvard. Until then, young Mariola had planned to take auto mechanics in vocational school. He had traveled far since that day, but he'd never forgotten those warm words of advice and that friendly social worker who changed his life.



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Without an HEW, young men like Tony Mariola would never have a chance.

"Mr. President," the Secretary said, "I can't go along with your scheme. The country needs this department."

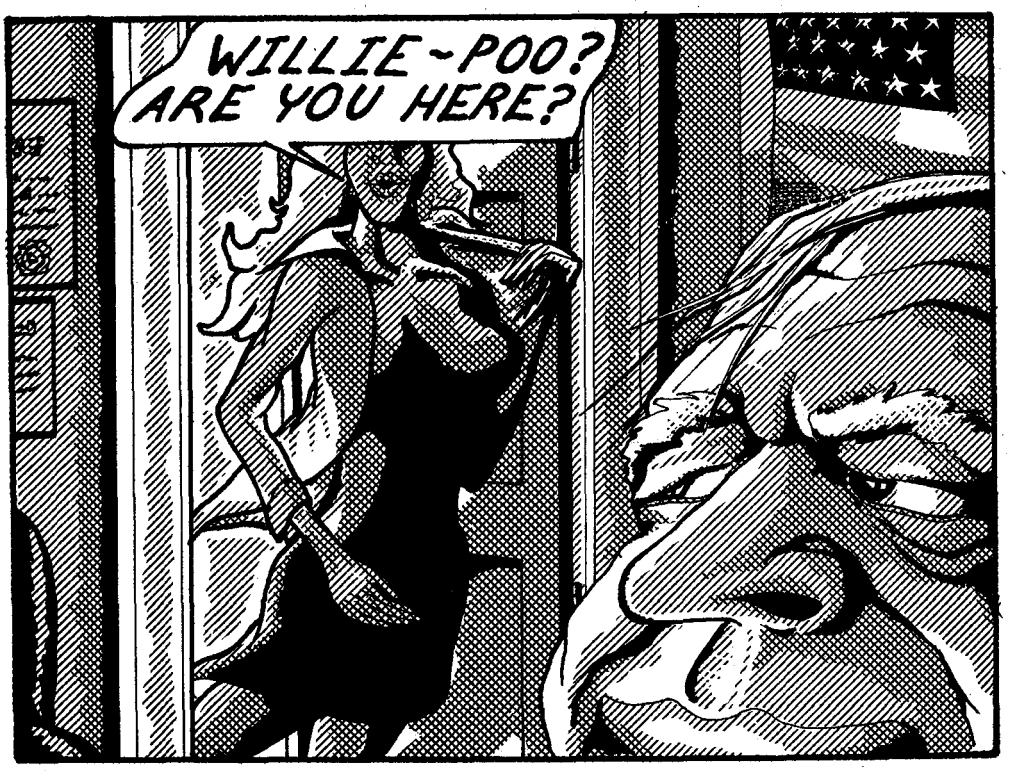
"You've got 24 hours to clean out your desk," the President barked into the phone. "You're fired."

Mariola knew now what he had to do.

At that very moment in Spanish Harlem, Dr. Juan Valdez, an unemployed nuclear engineer, desperately scanned the want ads. His pregnant wife, Maria, made a breakfast bought with food stamps for their 13 children in their squalid three-room apartment. Although educated at Stanford University, Dr. Valdez had been unable to find work because of his ethnic heritage. The HEW-sponsored affirmative action programs that once helped men like Dr. Valdez had virtually disappeared due to court challenges and lack of funding. Unbeknownst to Dr. Valdez, opposing forces were gathering hundreds of miles away to do battle over a proposal that could force his family to go to bed hungry at night. Only time would tell whether his family would survive.

Later that day, Senator Canaday was walking down the oversized hallways of the New Senate Office Building, his brow furrowed in thought. He was on his way to a hastily called emergency meeting of the Appropriations subcommittee on Labor and HEW. It is in committees like this that the real work of the Congress is done. Suddenly, wily Senator Flanders grabbed him by the elbow.

"My esteemed and able colleague," Senator Flanders said, his voice tinged with sarcasm, "I have heard that you



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would mightily appreciate an Air Force base for your hometown of Hartford. I'd be glad to help you . . . under certain conditions." He added in a lowered tone, "Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."

"You're right, Senator, that Air Force base is important to me," Senator Canaday responded quietly. "What did you have in mind?" He kept his face blank, like a good poker player playing for high stakes.

"I want you to make sure that the President's anti-HEW plan is reported favorably out of your subcommittee," Senator Flanders said, twirling the gold-knobbed cane he carried with him wherever he went. He leered briefly as a shapely secretary in go-go boots and hot pants walked by, her provocative bottom outlined against the taut fabric of her panties.

"No, Senator, I cannot do what you ask," Senator Canaday answered slowly. "Though unemployment is at a record high in my beloved town of Hartford, I will not abandon the nation's poor, aged, and infirm for selfish ends. I will stand firm."

"Good day, Senator," Canaday added as he approached the plush elevator marked, "Senators Only." Tourists gasped with surprise and excitement when they saw him, but he didn't notice them. He had other things on his mind.

Inside the White House, the President was on the phone to an AP reporter, David Wallace. Wallace was a favorite of the President's. "David, did you get that last check I sent you?" the President was saying. "Great. Now, I want you to play up the bureaucratic waste angle. I know the *Times* and the *Post* will be against me on this, but with your help we can get the rest of the country. Can I count on you to distort the news in my favor and smear my opponents? Wonderful. And I'll make sure you get that free cocaine from the FBI labs that you requested."

Outside the high-ceilinged hearing room, Mark Adams, Senator Canaday's dedicated AA (Hill shorthand for administrative assistant), approached his boss. "Senator," he whispered in his employer's ear, "I've got a hot document for you. Secretary Mariola passed it on to me. I think it'll blow this town wide open."

Adams handed over a report stamped, "TOP SECRET." It was a special report prepared two years before by Mariola's distinguished brother-in-law under a $3-million HEW contract. The study examined the impact of abolishing HEW; it had been hushed up because of its explosive findings. The conclusions? Without HEW three million families would die of malnutrition within a year. The average American's life expectancy would be cut to 43 years. No one except the very rich would be able to read or write. The handicapped would be victimized by roving gangs of hoodlums. Life, it said, would be bleak. Very bleak.

Senator Canaday shook his head as he read over the conclusions in the back of the 358-page report. "This is very shocking," he said. "Let's move with it."

In the West Wing of the White House, Jerry Porter was walking out of the briefing room, leaving behind a group of angry reporters. He refused to elaborate on a brief earlier statement about the HEW plan and Mariola's firing. In the front row, the man from the *Times*, wearing a gray fedora with a press card in the brim, shouted out, "Jerry, doesn't this mean that the President is reneging on his campaign promises and his sacred trust?"

Porter wheeled around to face him, his lips curled in contempt. "One more question like that, buster," Porter growled, "and I'll take away your White House press privileges!" The reporter's face went white with fear as Porter stalked out of the room.

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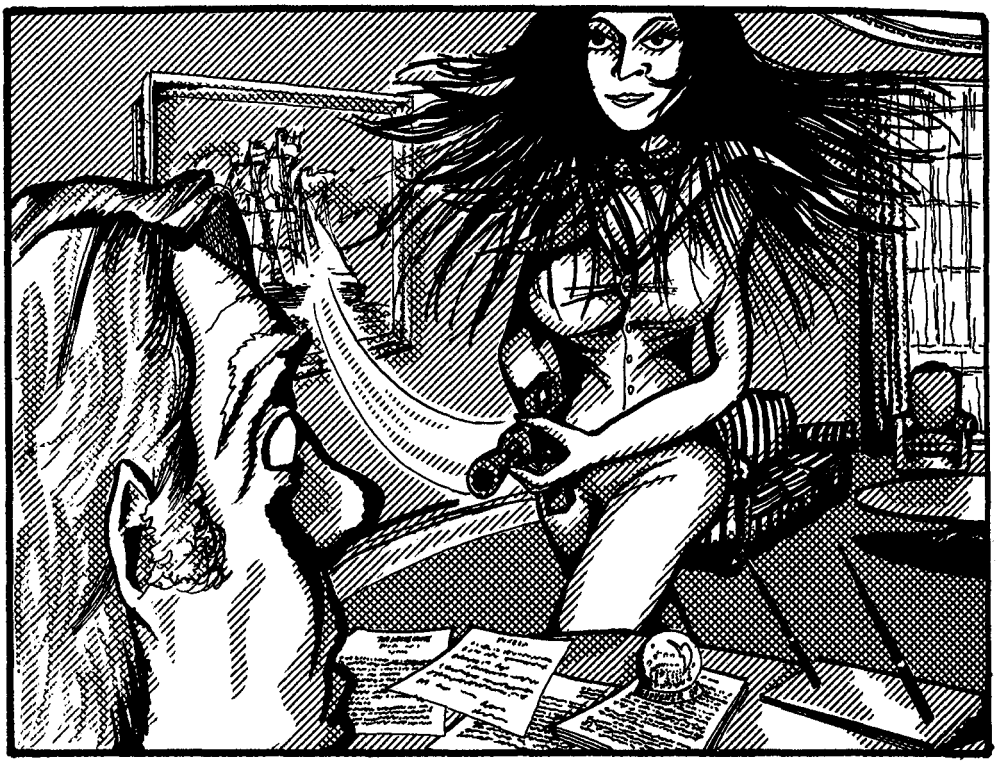

"Will the committee come to order?"

Senator Canaday gaveled several times to quiet the excited throngs jammed into the committee room. Photographers hovered in front of the round oak table, snapping pictures of the six senators on the panel. "Our nation is imperiled by the President's rash and reckless action," the Senator intoned in a deep, sober voice to the hushed crowd. "Accordingly, I have some important new information I would like to impart."

Inside the Oval Office, the President paced around his desk with a distracted look on his visage. Things were going badly for him. He hadn't expected this big an uproar. If Senator Canaday somehow got hold of the Mariola Report, he knew, his entire plan to destroy the civil service and starve the unemployed might be jeopardized. If so, drastic measures were needed.

Jerry Porter then burst into the office. "Mr. President," he shouted, "Canaday's got the report! At this very moment, he's reading it into the record at the committee hearing. What do we do?"

The President glanced around the room and reached for the special red phone on his desk. He started dialing.

"Today," Senator Canaday was reading to a stunned crowd, "$12 billion a year—half of it from HEW—provides public assistance to 3.5 million families with no other source of income. Without HEW, they would all die." He closed the report with an angry slam. Two women fainted in the front row while reporters rushed to the phones waiting outside.

"Is this what we want for America?" the Senator thundered, bringing his fist down on the table.

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"No way!" the angry mob answered. "We're going to march on the White House!" They poured out of the hearing room and made their way toward Pennsylvania Avenue.

Just as the angry citizenry converged on the White House, the President contacted the Pentagon. "General Green," the President said, "this is the Commander-in-Chief." Suddenly he looked up to see a beautiful young woman standing on the other side of the desk. She was pointing an M-14 submachine gun at him. His eyes widened in terror.

"Eat lead, capitalist dog," she said, her stylish green fatigues clinging to the tawny flesh of her ripe body.

The President didn't know it, but the woman facing him was Fatah Abboud, the most feared Palestinian intelligence agent in the world. She was completely ruthless. This moment in the Oval Office was the end of a two-year odyssey for her, an odyssey that had taken her from the twisting alleys of Jerusalem to the opium fields of Turkey to the haute-couture showrooms of Paris—and now, at last, to her final destination. Her face contorted into a mask of pure hatred. Revenge was sweet.

"Just a minute, General," the President said, edging towards the rear of his office. "We've got a slight problem here."

Outside, the surging crowd drew closer to the White House, trampling the carefully tended White House Rose Garden in its path. They were seized with the frenzy of a lynch mob. With torches and iron crowbars, they rushed past the guards blocking their way.

Inside the White House, Fatah Abboud moved in for the kill. Her finger curled around the trigger of the gun—slowly. She wanted this moment to last.

Buddy Turner retreated, inch by agonizing inch. The fiery terrorist began squeezing the trigger. There was a soft clicking sound. Then the Palestinian's gun jammed.

On the lawn beneath the Oval Office, the outraged throng hurtled ever closer to its destination. They were angry enough to tear the President limb from limb. Looking up, they could barely see in a window the outline of two figures locked in a drama of historical proportions. "It's the President!" one man shouted, and a half-dozen others clambered up the fire escape towards an open window.

Now, trapped inside the Oval Office, President Turner retreated a few more steps. The President and the terrorist stared at each other for a long moment that seemed like an eternity. The minute hand on the wall clock inched foward. A spider crawled slowly along the oak desk as the President watched its progress. Time seemed to stand still. Then, before he knew it, he was plunging backwards through an enormous picture window, shattering glass as his body hurtled down, down, down into the surging crowd below. The President was killed instantly, his neck broken in the fall.

Power corrupts, they said later, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

The next day, Vice President William Markfield, a staunch friend of HEW and the nation's poor, was sworn in as President. In a typically selfless gesture, he chose Senator Canaday as his VP. The Republic was safe—at least for a while. ■

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Who's Who in the Carter Administration

Hamilton Jordan is playing an increasing role in foreign policy deliberations within the White House. As one staff members puts it, "Brzezinski thinks about how the policy will look to President Torrijos, so we need Hamilton to think about how it will look to Senator Byrd."

Last month in "Tilting at Windmills" we reported an item not mentioned in the press releases about reductions in the White House staff. What we hadn't been told was that 163 employees remained in the White House who were carried on the roles of other government agencies. Now comes Dom Bonafede of the *National Journal* with the news that the apparent reduction of the White House staff from 485 to 351 was accomplished by such devices as asserting that Stuart Eizenstat has only seven assistants and Zbigniew Brzezinski only two. In fact Eizenstat has 43 aides and Brzezinski 64. The trick is the 36 Eizenstat assistants and 62 members of Brzezinski's staff are carried on the payroll of the Executive Office of the President instead of the White House payroll.

The Wall Street Journal agrees with our assessment last month that Brock Adams is among those at the bottom and Harold Brown and Joe Califano at the top in terms of White House esteem for cabinet members. The *Journal* also reports that Cecil Andrus is perceived as "the nicest by far," Patricia Harris as "the most irascible," and Griffin Bell as "the best joke teller."

We've criticized Carter for hiring too exclusively from the Northeast Network, but there is one significant exception to that rule. Last month we also mentioned that 51 Georgians are on the White House staff. That's not the only place you'll find them. Just to name a few at other agencies: **Bette Anderson** is undersecretary of the Treasury, **John Lewis** is associate director of ACTION, **William Allison** is deputy director of the Community Services Administration, **Barbara Blum** is deputy administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, **Chester Davenport** is director of the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, **Jules Sugarman** is vice chairman of the Civil Service Commission, **Charles Duncan** is deputy secretary of Defense, **Richard Fleming** is deputy assistant secretary of Housing and Urban Development, **Randolph Blackwell** is director of the Office of Minority Enterprises at the Department of Commerce, **Michael Egan** is associate Attorney General, **John Moore** is president of the Export-Import Bank, **Marthena Burns** is special assistant to the head of the Veterans' Administration, **Alexis Herman**, director of the Women's Bureau at the Department of Labor, and you'll find three more in the appointments listed below.

Appointments Since Our Last Issue:

THE WHITE HOUSE

Deputy Appointments Secretary—Phil Wise was a member of the President's Sunday school class at the Plains Baptist Church and the Southern regional coordinator for the Carter campaign. In January, he turned down a chance to become executive director of the Democratic National Committee, saying he wanted to get away from politics for a while. He replaces **Timothy Smith**, who has become a special assistant in the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice.

AGRICULTURE

Administrator of the Agriculture Marketing Service—Barbara Lindemann Schlei was a professor at the University of Southern California Law Center.

ENERGY

Secretary—James R. Schlesinger was Carter's energy advisor. His new department combines three existing agencies—the Federal Energy Administration, the Energy Research and Development Administration and the Federal Power Commission. It has 20,000 employees and a $10-billion budget.

HEW

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Legislation—Kenneth S. Levine was an administrative assistant to Rep. Bob Eckhardt and worked in the Carter campaign in Michigan.

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HUD

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Economic Affairs—Katherine C. Lyall was an economics professor at Johns Hopkins.

INTERIOR

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Indian Affairs—George V. Goodwin, Jr., a White Earth Chippewa, was Bureau of Indian Affairs director in Minneapolis.

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Land and Water Resources—Gary J. Wickes was director of natural resources for the state of Montana.

Director of the Office of Water Research and Technology—Gary D. Cobb was acting director of the Water Resources Council and a budget examiner with OMB in charge of reviewing Corps of Engineers projects.

JUSTICE

Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—Frank Minis Johnson, Jr., as a federal judge in Alabama, has been an activist in helping people assert their constitutional rights but a hard-line law-and-order man in criminal cases.

LABOR

Comptroller—William R. Reise has been a career civil servant.

Director of Toxic Substances Division of OSHA—John Froines was a member of the "Chicago Seven" and has been director of occupational health in Vermont since 1974.

STATE

Ambassador to Argentina—Raul Castro was governor of Arizona and ambassador to El Salvador and Bolivia.

Ambassador to Barbados—William B. Schwartz, Jr. was president of an Atlanta real estate investment firm.

Ambassador to Burma—Maurice D. Bean, a former Peace Corps official, has served in State Department posts in Liberia, Malaysia, and Washington.

Counselor of the U.S. section of the Swiss embassy in Havana—Lyle Lane was deputy chief of the U.S. mission in Peru.

Ambassador to Guinea-Bissau and Cape Verde—Edward Marks was director of the office of Central African Affairs in the State Department.

Ambassador to Honduras—Mari-Luci Jaramillo was a professor of education at the University of New Mexico.

AGENCIES

Community Services Administration

Assistant Director for Legal Affairs and General Counsel—Frank Jones was executive director of the National Legal Aid and Defender Association.

Environmental Protection Agency

General Counsel—Joan Z. Bernstein was acting director of the FTC's Bureau of Consumer Protection.

Director of Office of Legislation—Charles S. Warren has been chief legislative aide to Senator Jacob Javits.

Director of Office of Public Affairs—Joan Martin Nicholson worked at the American Petroleum Institute, the oil companies' main lobbying organization.

Federal Communications Commission

Chairman—Charles D. Ferris, most recently general counsel to the Speaker of the House, was from 1963 through 1976 general counsel to the Senate Democratic majority. He has no experience in communications but is backed by Tip O'Neill and Bob Byrd.

Federal Trade Commission

Deputy Director of the Bureau of Competition—Daniel C. Schwartz was assistant director of evaluation for the bureau.

General Services Administration

Assistant Administrator—Walter V. Kallaur was active in the Carter campaign and administrator of the transition staff.

National Labor Relations Board

Member—John C. Truesdale has been executive secretary of the board.

National Science Foundation

Deputy Director—George C. Pimentel has been a professor of chemistry at the University of California at Berkeley.

RESIGNATIONS

Federal Communications Commission

General Counsel—Werner K. Hartenberger has joined the Washington law firm of Dow, Lohnes, and Albertson.

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N.A. Harrell

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Don't Blame the Court

by Seth Kupferberg

There's an idea abroad that the Supreme Court is no longer a friend of greater freedom or democracy. Civil rights groups, feminist organizations, anti-poverty activists—all the people who only recently looked on the Supreme Court as the protector of their interests—now regard it as a blockade in the path to needed social change.

This is a fairly recent development. In the fifties and sixties, the Supreme Court usually took the side of the class of people one pioneering Court opinion called "the poor, the ignorant, the numerically weak, the friendless, and the powerless"—those who had customarily been shut off from society's benefits. The Court ordered the states to desegregate their schools, helping to spark one of the great changes of American history. After Congress passed the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Court became the chief guardian of the rights of women. It protected people accused of committing crimes from overbearing or unscrupulous police. It overruled attempts to stamp out civil rights and antiwar protests. It helped preserve the natural environment and people's privacy. And by imposing the one-man-one-vote rule, the Court brought about reapportionment that gave more clout to racial minorities, poor people, and the working class.

All this began to change when Richard Nixon appointed three Associate Justices and a Chief Justice to the Court. Nixon had promised during the 1968 campaign to change the Court's makeup: he wanted "strict

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constructionists," not liberal activists. As Nixon promised, a change soon became apparent in the Court's decisions.

Instead of insisting that disadvantaged voting districts have the same rights as privileged ones, the Burger Court said states could give more money to rich school districts than to poor ones. After outlawing hiring criteria that tended to exclude blacks and women, the Burger Court moved toward ruling out only specifically intentional discrimination. The Court said suburbs didn't have to help cities integrate their schools. It dashed liberal hopes by ruling that capital punishment is not inherently cruel or unusual. It let local communities outlaw movies they considered obscene. It cut back on protections for accused people and for workers who observe a Saturday Sabbath, and it restricted union leafleters' access to public places.

Most recently, the Court ruled that the government isn't required to pay for abortions—just the kind of situation, in which poor people are effectively deprived of a nominal right, that might have struck the Warren Court as a denial of equal protection of the law.

Each Burger Court decision has provoked a liberal outcry greater than the last. To listen to the protests, including some from dissenting holdover Justices, each one all but doomed the Constitution. In fact, the complaints bring forth memories of the New Deal, when liberals were accustomed to throwing up their hands at the Court's determination to thwart any progressive reform.

But there's an important difference between these times and those. The fact is that the Burger Court hasn't been a major factor in obstructing social change—at most, it has refused to push change forward. What's more, the Court is a strange rock for liberals, supposedly committed to the people's sovereignty and to democratic decision-making, to lean on for salvation.

Dispossessed and Discontented

From the beginning, the Supreme Court has been unpopular with the dispossessed and discontented. Andrew Jackson denounced the Court when it declared the Bank of the United States constitutional, and he refused to abide by a decision protecting Indians' rights. Lincoln, in his First Inaugural, said that if Supreme Court decisions were immune to challenge, "the people will have ceased to be their own rulers."

In the 1890s the Supreme Court set off another onslaught of complaints when it declared that federal income taxes were unconstitutional. It also restricted laws designed to curb the power of large corporations—for example, it modified state laws that let commissions establish utility rates and overturned minimum-wage, child-labor, and maximum-hour laws. And the Court limited antitrust laws' application to big business, using them instead to outlaw strikes by fledgling labor unions. No wonder the American Federation of Labor developed an antipathy to courts so strong that it opposed any ongoing government interference with employment until well into the New Deal.

The last great wave of protest against a conservative Supreme Court crested with Franklin Roosevelt's attempt in 1937 to increase its size. For three years the Court had been overturning major New Deal programs—the National Recovery Act, laws establishing moratoriums on debts and permitting cities to declare bankruptcy, the New York Minimum Wage Law for Women. Roosevelt's solicitor general, Robert Jackson (later a Supreme Court justice himself), expressed the tenor of the times when he wrote that "never in its entire history can the Supreme Court be said to have for a single hour been representative of anything except the relatively conservative forces of its day."

Most of these pre-1970 quarrels with the Supreme Court sprang from

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the frustration people felt after seeing laws go through Congress or state legislatures and then be invalidated by nine unelected men responsible to nobody. There was usually no recourse from the Court's decision; no matter how impressive a majority reformers might pile up, the Court was always free to countermand the people's verdict.

In a Liberal Direction

Today, the situation is radically different. Most of the Burger Court's illiberal decisions have involved a *refusal* to overturn laws, not an insistence on doing that. What liberals now seem to want is a Supreme Court that will, in effect, legislate—as long as it legislates in a liberal direction.

Thus, liberals who are outraged when their appeals to the Supreme Court's sense of justice fail are in a strange position. They are implying that an appointed, elite body—rather than the popularly chosen Congress and President, or the states' governors and legislatures—is the proper avenue of reform.

Through most of American history, the Supreme Court has been the protector of precisely the kind of people liberals love to raise the cudgel against: small groups that feared the people's will. Slaveholders, creditors, large corporations—all hoped that the judiciary would preempt policies that, because of their popular support, had gotten legislative backing. That's why popular leaders from Jefferson to Roosevelt attacked Supreme Courts that overruled laws and resisted change.

Now, all of that has been reversed. The Constitution is invoked by liberals, seeking social change, in an attempt to render politics unnecessary. Why is it that today's democrats, believers in increased equality and greater civil liberties, want to bypass democratic means? What liberal wants his liberation by judicial fiat?

One answer sometimes given is that ordinary political processes can get stuck. Liberal law professors sometimes cite the abortion issue as a good example—a vocal passionate minority has stopped the popular will from being heeded in the legislatures, so that only the courts can get the country moving in the right direction. Like many liberal attacks on Right-to-Lifers, though, this one is uncomfortably reminiscent of conservative attacks on antiwar protests a few years back. Then, too, an emotional, single-minded, and uncivil minority helped stop something that at first had most Americans' support. To say that this means the protests were a distortion of democracy would be to say that only a head count of feelings and beliefs should be considered, not their importance to those who hold them.

True, there are cases where politics gets stuck and the courts have to step in. It would've been a bad joke to tell disenfranchised Southern blacks to get their legislatures to abolish segregated schools. But women, feminists, and liberals all have votes already; they aren't beaten up for organizing, or lynched for holding rallies. Instead of moaning about a hostile Supreme Court, they should be politicking to get a friendly Congress elected. If leafleting and letter-writing can stop abortions, they can also start them again.

So far, all the Burger Court has done is to refuse to find the political meanings in the laws and the Constitution that liberals see in them. This is the kind of behavior by the Court that past generations of American liberals used to fervently hope for, because they felt secure in their ability to persuade the people and thus control the legislative process. Today's liberals ought to feel the same security. They should remember that the way to political and social change is through politics and society, no less than through the courts. ■

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STATE AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT

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TAXATION

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Roxie Munro

Where to Stay in Washington

by Jill Merrill

Many of our readers have work that brings them to Washington, so we have this regular feature to help make their stay a pleasant one—information about where to stay and where to eat. Whether you're on a tight budget or a generous expense account, we'll try to guide you to the right places. The subject this issue is *Where to Stay*; *Where to Eat* appears in alternate issues. This month we cover the hotels near government agencies. The hotels and agencies are located in four areas: Foggy Bottom, Federal Triangle, Capitol Hill, and Southwest. The hotels we recommend most highly are indicated by an asterisk.

FOGGY BOTTOM

This area is bordered by Washington Circle, the Kennedy Center, Constitution Avenue from 23rd Street to 17th Street, and the White House. It includes the Departments of State and Interior, the National Academy of Sciences, National Science Foundation, Federal Reserve Board, Bureau of Indian Affairs, Civil Service Commission, General Services Administration, Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, Federal Home Loan Bank Board, and United States Information Agency.

Allen Lee Hotel, 2224 F St. N.W., 331-1224. This hotel offers minimal accommodations at minimum rates. There's no free parking, however—a consideration in this part of town, where both lots and spaces are scarcer than a bureaucrat on Labor Day. Single, $12-$15; double, $17. $2-per-child for cots in rooms. No credit cards.

Guest Quarters, 801 New Hampshire Ave., N.W., 785-2000. Across from the Watergate complex and the Kennedy Center, **Guest Quarters** is extremely attractive and convenient. All rooms are suites with fully equipped kitchen (including plates and utensils) as well as a dining "area" and living room. Although the kitchen facilities are adequate to cook a full dinner, there are many restaurants nearby. It's also near George Washington University. $44-$51 single; $52-$59 double; the lower rates are discount rates for government or corporate employees. $4-per-day charge for children under 16, $8 16 and up. Pets allowed. Meeting and conference rooms available.

Howard Johnson's, 2601 Virginia Ave., N.W., 965-2700. Directly across the street from the Watergate Office complex, this is where it all started. The rooms are reasonably priced: $33, single; $41, double. Suites are expensive, however—$75-$110 for an arrangement neither as capacious nor as attractive as **Guest Quarters'**. $3-per-child in rooms. Roof-top pool. Free parking.

Intrigue Hotel, 824 New Hampshire Ave., N.W., 337-6620. Right across from **Guest Quarters**, this hotel offers nightly, weekly, or monthly rates for small or large suites, all with fully equipped kitchens. In addition, there is a restaurant on the lobby level. The rooms are not unattractive, and the rates are a bargain, particularly for a family: single, $29-$43 daily or $168-$196 per week; double, $33-$47, or $182-$210 per week. No

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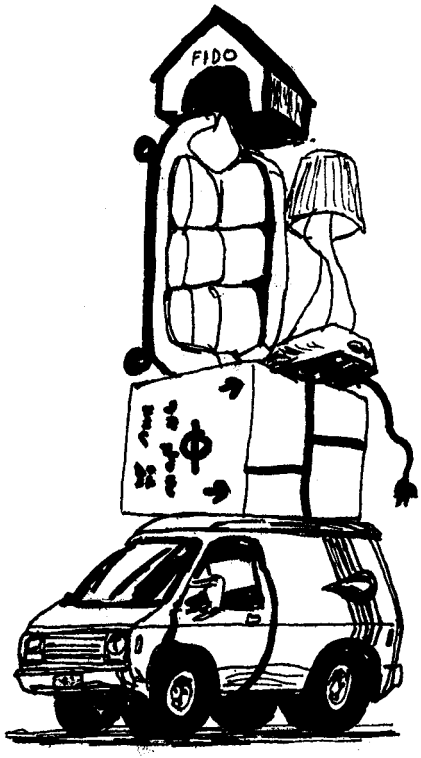

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additional charge for children under 18. Pets allowed. Parking $2.25-$3 per day.

***Park Central**, 705 18th St. N.W., 393-4700. This recently remodeled hotel offers rooms and suites at reasonable prices in a prime location—within walking (or spitting) distance of the White House and across the street from the World Bank/IMF complex. It has an outdoor cafe, restaurant, drug store, laundry, and liquor store. It's close to the Metro and bus lines. $27, single; $33, double; $28-$39, efficiencies and suites, both with complete kitchens. Children under 12 free in double room with parents. Government employees subtract $1 from all rates.

Watergate Hotel. 2650 Virginia Ave., N.W., 965-2300. If you're on an expense account, by all means consider the **Watergate.** In addition to its reknown, every convenience is offered, including a health club with indoor pool, and the effect of the whole Watergate complex is quite dazzling. Single, $44-$65; double, $54-$75; suites, $150-$230. Children $8-per-day extra.

FEDERAL TRIANGLE

This includes the area near Pennsylvania Avenue from 5th to 15th Streets where the Treasury, Commerce, and Justice Departments are located, as well as the FBI, Internal Revenue Service, Federal Trade Commission, and the Archives.

Washington Hotel, 15th and Pennsylvania Ave. N.W., 638-5900 or (800) 424-9540. This wonderful old (1918) landmark in the Beaux Arts mode still thrives. It's directly across from the Treasury building (which is right next to the White House), and practically everyone of political importance has slept here and every President has at least passed by in his Inaugural Parade. There is a terrace restaurant on the roof that offers a panoramic view of Washington and is well worth the trip up, if only for a drink. The rates are reasonable: single, $36-$38; double, $40-$44. $6-per-child charge for cot in double room.

Harrington Hotel, 11th and E Sts., N.W., 628-8140. In the shadow of the FBI, this is a modest hotel with free parking and very reasonable rates: single, $16-$20; double, $20-$26 (rate for family of four is $26). There's also a cafeteria, carry-out, and bar. Near the National and Ford's theaters, and en route to everywhere.

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Ebbitt Hotel, 1000 H St. N.W., 628-5034. This modestly priced hotel, like the **Harrington**, is centrally located in the downtown area. Let's face it, this part of Washington has seen better days, and a great many better nights. Still, if you're on a tight budget and relying on public transportation, both the **Ebbitt** and the **Harrington** will meet your needs. Rates: single, $16-$22; double, $22-$28; $6-per-child charge.

CAPITOL HILL

This is the Pennsylvania Avenue area from 5th Street to Capitol Hill and includes the Department of Labor, Securities and Exchange Commission, Government Printing Office, U.S. Federal Courts, General Accounting Office, Senate and House of Representatives office buildings, Supreme Court, and Library of Congress.

Bellevue Hotel, 15 E St. N.W., 638-0900. A good bargain for those with limited resources. Single, $20; double, $24-$26. Suites $30 for 3 people, $36 for 4. Free parking at night; coin laundry.

Commodore Hotel, 520 No. Capitol St. N.W., 628-2300. This previously tawdry hotel is being refurbished. It could be attractive, although one has the uneasy feeling that the plaster might crack again if one smiles too hard. The rates are reasonable: single, $25; double, $26; $4 discount for government employees. $2.50-per-child charge. The Dubliner Pub, where many of the young movers (and not-so-young shovers) meet, is here.

Hyatt Regency, 488 New Jersey Ave. N.W., 737-1234 or (800) 228-9000. Although not as spectacular as its San Francisco or Atlanta sisters, this Hyatt is the latest word in chrome chic. The greenery, glass elevators, and gurgling water give one a pleasant, if unrealistic, sense of detachment in the shadow of the Capitol. There's an outdoor pool. Despite a plastic air, it is a good bet for those who don't have to ask about prices. Rates range from $45 for the cheapest single to $71 for the most expensive double.

***Quality Inn**, 415 New Jersey Ave. N.W., 638-1616. A very good bargain right across the street from the **Hyatt**. It has restaurants and an outdoor swimming pool. Single, $30-$38; double, $34-$48. (The low rates are available only to government employees; a discount is offered to members of the American Association of Retired Persons.) Children under 16 free. Free parking.

SOUTHWEST WASHINGTON

This is the area within Independence Avenue and M Street and 10th and South Capitol Streets and includes the Departments of Agriculture, Energy, Health Education and Welfare, Housing and Urban Development, and Transportation; the Federal Aviation Administration, Postal Service, Comptroller of the Currency, Amtrak, National Aeronautics and Space Administration, Comsat and Intelsat, and Environmental Protection Agency.

***Loew's L'Enfant Plaza**, 480 L'Enfant Plaza East, S.W., 484-1000. This is a luxurious hotel that meets every need. It's near the Smithsonian complex, Capitol Hill, and the Botanic Gardens. In addition to the attractive and convenient surroundings, every room has a bar and refrigerator. There's an outdoor pool in season and three restaurants—the Greenhouse (breakfast and lunch), the Quorum (lunch and drinks), and Apple of Eve (dinner and a reasonably priced buffet lunch). Single, $45-$75; double, $55-$85; government and corporate rates available; reasonable weekend family plans.

Channel Inn, 650 Water St. S.W., 554-2400. The only hotel near the waterfront. It's also near the Arena Stage, one of Washington's finest repertory theaters, and several seafood restaurants. Swimming pool. Single, $38; double, $48. Children and parking free.

Skyline Inn, South Capitol and I Sts. S.W., 488-7500. Although not far from HEW, this reasonably priced hotel is also just a few blocks from the House of Representatives office buildings. It offers a swimming pool, restaurant, pinball machines, and welcomes pets—a desirable family hotel. Singles, $32-$40; double, $38-$46; one-, two-, and three-room suites, $45-$95. $2 off for government employees. Children under 14 free; free parking.

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The Real New Journalism

by Janet Hook

Thanks mostly to a lot of frenetic movies about newspapers, Americans have always had a pretty clear picture of the goals of daily journalism. The papers are a world populated by hard-driving reporters and tough editors whose news judgment can be summed up in a single ironclad, oft-repeated creed: if a dog bites a man it's not news, but if a man bites a dog—that's news.

A reader of the newspapers would until recently have had powerful reason to believe that these movies were a case of art imitating life. The front page was a very reliable guide to what happened yesterday which was out of the ordinary, but that was about all. If in the course of dogs biting men—that is, in America's ongoing operations—there were interesting lessons to be learned, the newspapers did not provide them.

Janet Hook was a summer intern at The Washington Monthly, *and is doing graduate work at the London School of Economics.*

In the last few years, however, that state of affairs has begun to change. Newspapers are devoting increasing space to stories whose interest and relevance do not depend on events that happened the day before. Reporters are more likely now than a decade ago to inquire into the effectiveness of a government agency before a blatant foul-up makes its ineptness newsworthy in the traditional sense. The daily press no longer feels bound to wait until a tanker explodes before it will report on the dangers of ships carrying liquefied gas.

The Washington Post has lately become one of the foremost practitioners of this new kind of journalism. During two weeks in early August of this year, nine *Post* front pages carried one or more articles that were unrelated to particular events of the day, on subjects from cars to schools to the military. The *Post* is far from alone in the trend. To cite two noteworthy examples, *The Washington Star* and

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The New York Times regularly run in-depth front-page stories that have no immediate newspeg. Every day the *Star* prints a feature on its front page called "In Focus," which gives "complete background stories on contemporary issues and non-breaking news." The *Times*, while inferior to the *Post* in its coverage of the federal government, is fairly vigilant in most other areas. Even the wire services are getting away from being wedded to events.

The Man-Bites-Dog Days

To understand what a change this represents, it's worth taking a brief look at what newspapers were like back in the old man-bites-dog days of 20 years ago, when tradition reigned unchallenged.

Being up-to-date on the breaking news of the day—reported accurately and fairly, of course—was virtually all that mattered to journalists of the fifties, and, editors presumed, all the public wanted from newspapers. Thus two gaping holes were left in front-page coverage, especially of government. Reporters resolutely refused to write about anything that wasn't just breaking, and to express anything that might conceivably seem to be their own opinion. Both these strictures grew out of honest assumptions about what people wanted from newspapers, but they meant that trends absolutely could not be pointed out and statements absolutely could not be evaluated (except, perhaps, by columnists, who didn't anchor their opinions in factual reporting). Anything that smacked of a reporter saying, "I'm independently making a qualitative judgment" or "I'm writing about this because I deem it newsworthy" just never appeared.

As a result, the stories on the front page of the *Post* in August 1957 often seem, on rereading today, to raise more questions than they answer. The stories are all on the order of "A top Administration official said flatly yesterday . . . "; "Adlai Stevenson charged today that . . . "; and "House investigators reported yesterday . . . . " In a year when the Cold War was raging, it was never questioned. At a time when the New and Fair Deal bureaucracies that President Eisenhower had promised to reduce were larger than ever, nobody noticed.

The only time there was a hint of stepping back and looking things over was when somebody who reporters could quote did it. Thus when congressional subcommittees, reputable journals, scholars, or budget offices issued reports that made value judgments, those judgments were soberly reported. When the House Appropriations Committee said the military was financing overly luxurious construction, the *Post*'s readers knew about it. But the Pentagon's own statements about its budget were reported with an equally straight face. When Maxwell Gluck, the Ohio chain-store owner who was Eisenhower's nominee as ambassador to Ceylon, made a fool of himself in confirmation hearings, the *Post* reported that he couldn't answer the simplest questions about his new post. But when Eisenhower nominated Neil McElroy, president of Proctor and Gamble, to replace Charles Wilson as Secretary of Defense, nobody official raised any questions about his qualifications—so neither did the *Post*.

This approach naturally skewed the news toward what officials wanted it to be, since it was only what officials said or did that got reported. As a result, the emphasis was far more on the promulgation of policy and the enactment of legislation than on their implementation. Because of the nature of news and a general lack of imagination, reporters never bothered to talk for publication to the middle-level, on-line personnel who have proven such a boon to investigative reporters in ensuing years. Hence stories about what was really going on inside an agency—as opposed to what its director said was going on—were never written.

As time went on, change came

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only very slowly. One of the biggest stories of the sixties, and one of the richest in terms of political and cultural meaning—the manned space program that culminated with the 1969 moon shot—was reported either completely deadpan or with gushing enthusiasm. In 1970, when three British journalists came out with a book on the space program, it was a near-complete surprise to American readers to learn how the pressures of NASA and aerospace industrialists and the desire of John Kennedy to rebuild his dynamic political image in the wake of the Bay of Pigs had overridden scientific objections and made going to the moon a top priority.

Overly Wedded

A look at the *Post* of August 1967 still shows a preponderance of "yesterday" leads and Defense Department stories that cry out for elaboration. And as recently as two years ago, *The Washington Monthly* ran an article by James Fallows complaining that the *Post* was overly wedded to the breaking story.

We certainly can't make that complaint today. For a variety of reasons (not least of which is the increased self-respect its Watergate victories brought on) the press in general and the *Post* particularly are unafraid to initiate their own stories that illuminate the workings of government in a way that event-oriented reporting does not. To cite two especially noteworthy examples:

■There was a series of articles this summer by T. R. Reid that detailed "the progress of a typical bill through Congress." Newspaper readers are used to finding out about legislation only when it's passed, and even then they hear only about the final vote; the Reid series revealed the complex pressures and procedures that are usually more important components of a piece of legislation than its intrinsic merit.

■David S. Broder read about a White House effort to find out which

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government programs were working and which weren't and went to the trouble of finding out what kind of information the Carter people were getting. He found that the office that distributes workmen's compensation is generally regarded by people who write their congressmen as the worst in the government. The traditional method of finding out about the workmen's compensation program—interviewing its director when he had something to announce—would surely not have produced this information.

Laudable But Limited

It's necessary, in heralding this new kind of daily journalism (to magazines, it's not entirely new), to separate it clearly from two other trends, both laudable but limited, that have gotten much more attention. The first is the kind of investigative reporting that aims to find officials breaking laws, whose praises have been sung at great length and in a great many places. While investigative reporters have admirably crossed the hurdle of being tied to yesterday's events and will look into things on their own initiative, they are still often prisoners of the fear of evaluation. The great focus of investigative journalism is on finding smoking guns, evidence of illegality—in other words, maneuvering the subject so that the criminal code's evaluations can take the place of the writer's. In cases of illegality, that's fine; but there are also cases where the investigative reporter needs to apply his independence and zeal to a situation where there's no smoking gun, and he doesn't.

The second much discussed trend is the "New Journalism," which involves using the techniques of realistic fiction—dialogue, telling detail—in writing non-fiction. (Classic examples are Gay Talese's book on *The New York Times* and Aaron Latham's *New York* magazine story on the Saturday Night Massacre.) Although New Journalism has mostly been the province of magazine and book writers, it too can be a way for daily reporters to get away from the stranglehold of immediate events—but like investigative reporting, it too is resolutely non-evaluative.

So what we need is a wholesale step beyond, a kind of daily journalism that would include not only enterprising and assiduous fact-finding, not only vivid writing, but also a willingness by reporters to make their own informed evaluations of people and institutions. We need reporters who would have told us last January, for instance, what was good and what was bad about the record of a new man in the government named Thomas Bertram Lance.

Instead, Lance got the same kind of coverage any Cabinet official gets when he's appointed—a straight and respectful recounting of his resume and of the nice things his friend Jimmy Carter said about him. Even when Lance got into trouble, it was only because he had made extraordinary financial divestiture pledges that he later had to renege on, not because of the initiative of reporters. There's no case that makes the ongoing failure of the press to evaluate and to seek out information in less-than-obvious places more plain.

To handle Lance as it should have, the press needed not only initiative, but also some reporting techniques

Answers to the September puzzle.

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that it still doesn't usually use. Reporters should have gotten the news about Lance not just from high officials and their press secretaries, but also from more knowledgeable and more obscure people in the lower reaches of government, in business, and in the towns where Lance worked.

Valuable Sources

We now know who could have provided the details of Lance's operations to any reporter back in January. A zealous assistant in the U.S. Attorney's office in Atlanta had wanted to prosecute Lance. Rival bankers in Georgia have always spoken quite frankly about Lance. Middle-level employees of the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, like those in the U.S. Attorney's office in Atlanta, knew enough to question Lance's qualifications.

On the other hand, the townspeople of Calhoun could have made Lance's apparent transgressions understandable in human terms by making clear that an overdraft policy can work in a small town where the banker knows everyone although it would be impossible in larger cities, by explaining that the overdrafts were not just available to the Lance family but to reliable members of the community generally and that the policy had actually aided the bank's growth.

Because all these people have turned out to be willing and valuable sources, it's now painfully obvious that somebody should have interviewed them early on; but nobody did. All that interviewing would have produced a full-scale portrait of the man, but that portrait didn't emerge until mid-September.

Even when Lance's financial maneuverings began to surface and the press scrambled into hot pursuit, there were telling flaws in the coverage. Almost all of the intense reporting was devoted to the search for a smoking gun, so that when the Comptroller's first report showed many dubious practices but nothing illegal, Carter could blithely declare the case closed. Similarly, the smoking-gun mentality prevented a cumulative picture of Lance that was truly accurate and full form emerging. And reporters' terrible fear of expertise in financial matters—the fear that they didn't know enough to pass judgment—was another factor in the failure to present the case against Lance as well as the case for him. What should have been the most persuasive anti-Lance material—evidence of his inattention to his duties as budget director—appeared nowhere at all, save brief mentions in this magazine and a scattered few other places.

Maybe the Lance case has taught the press that Cabinet nominees need closer scrutiny than they're accustomed to getting. Maybe the press has also learned that the banks bear looking into. But those two perceptions shouldn't be the only ones spawned by the affair. In a broader sense, it shows that any key public official, not just a Cabinet officer, and any important institution, the schools and insurance companies and foundations and government agencies as much as the banks, bears looking into. We need a combination of initiative, fact-gathering, and evaluation that will tell us what the people and institutions that run our society have done—and what they are doing. ■

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Memo of the Month

OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20301

MANPOWER,
RESERVE AFFAIRS
AND LOGISTICS

JUN 6 1977

MEMORANDUM FOR ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE ARMY
(Installations and Logistics)

SUBJECT: Standard Transportation Operational Personal Property System (STOPPS)

In response to our letter of 11 February, Commander, MTMC, on 13 May submitted for approval a list of key developmental milestones for subject system. Those milestones are approved.

As a related matter, it is apparent that the acronym "STOPPS" can engender a negative subliminal connotation because of its similarity to the word "stop." Therefore, in order to reflect the positive approach of the current effort, the use of the term STOPPS is discontinued and the program is henceforth to be referred to as the Transportation Operational Personal Property Standard System with the acronym "TOPS." It is not desired that previous documentation be changed to reflect the new terminology. However, future correspondence and documentation should refer to the developing system as indicated herein.

(Signed) Paul H. Riley
Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense
(Supply, Maintenance & Services)

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AMERICAN REVOLUTION BICENTENNIAL 1776-1976

1795-77

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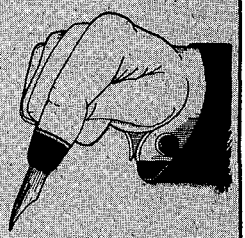
Richard Reeves on Political Books



In Daniel Schorr's new book, *Clearing the Air*, he tells of a long night and a lot of wine in Los Angeles with Edward Asner, the actor who played Lou Grant, the television news director on "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Feeling sorry for himself and Asner, Schorr suddenly realized that he was thinking Asner was another out-of-work newsman, instead of an actor changing television series.

In "Washington: Behind Closed Doors," ABC television's made-in-Burbank pipe dream about how the nation is governed, the director of the CIA and a young recruit are talking in front of the Jefferson Memorial and within a sentence-and-a-half they have reached the banks of the old C&O canal in Georgetown—a pace the Concorde would have trouble matching.

I don't know what those two facts—or fantasies—mean to you. To me it is clear the time has come: The United States must declare war on California.

How much more can we take? "They" are turning news into entertainment, have eliminated five miles of Washington in a preemptive camera cut, and have declared Jason Robards President, when we all know he's actually Ben Bradlee. Like the rich, Californians are different from you and me. They are threatening everything sacred to America: work, ambition, suffering, snow tires. It's a story for another time, but I once had a peripheral involvement in *New York* magazine's creation of *New West*, and the most important lesson learned by carpetbagging New Yorkers was that the words, "We need it now!" have no meaning in Los Angeles.

A good conversational stab at the creeping cultural differences between Californians and us was offered me by Judith Brown, a research consultant who has worked on both coasts: "In New York, in the East, there's not as much beauty around you, there's dirt, crumbling buildings, dark skies. So you put energy into creating a decent environment, a spiritual, cerebral environment . . . In California, the pleasant environment is ready-made, it's physical. You don't have to exert energy. You can just lay back and absorb it."

Starting from that base, under a dark sky, my patriotism and militarism were aroused by reading and thinking about the first wave of 1976 campaign (Carter) books—Martin

Richard Reeves is the author of Convention. *His column will be a regular feature of* The Washington Monthly.

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Schram's *Running for President*, Jules Witcover's *Marathon*, Elizabeth Drew's *American Journal*, and Robert Shogan's *Promises to Keep*. The sketch of Jimmy Carter that comes off the pages of these books is of a bionic grind. He talked about love, but he lived out a pattern of awesome ambition, determination, and hard work. A very Eastern–American East–man, a Horatio Alger hero. In fact, a Carter book-in-progress by William Lee Miller, director of the Poynter Center at Indiana University, will argue that the Georgian succeeded nationally because he exemplified the fading virtues of smalltown Yankee puritanism and work ethic–he was a nostalgia candidate.

If that is true, the 1980 presidential election may be my war–the driven against the laid back, the Yankee against California, Jimmy Carter against Jerry Brown. The White House, as a matter of fact, already has jumped to that conclusion, guessing that Carter's real 1980 contest will be in the Democratic primary elections against the young California governor. A great contest, about which I will make a couple of guesses:

First, since they both can afford pollsters, Carter and Brown will not be that far apart on what *The New Republic* calls "issues." Hell, in 1976, both men endorsed the Humphrey-Hawkins full-employment bill, when neither of them believed in it.

Second, that the advantages of Carter's incumbency will be offset by Brown's freshness–or, the word I would use, "mystery." By then, media being what it is, we will know almost everything about Carter the puritan grind. Celebrity, an essence developed in hidden California laboratories, is a perishable commodity and Carter as a fascination-object will be a squeezed-out lemon, like authors dropped from the "Tonight Show" roster after too many appearances. But Brown will have some juice left, a combination of personal mystery and unpredictability. He understands that as long as the folks out there think they don't know what you're really like, you still have some rating points left. (Few politicians, I think, understand that they have to be capable of surprise to survive in an atmosphere of massive and instantaneous communications. One who instinctively knows seems to be Fidel Castro. I would bet that the Cuban will again become a major American star, as he was in the late 1950s. That's a long career and Jason Robards may soon have to grow a beard.)

So, the Carter-Brown contest will come down to style. The candidates will represent clashing cultures. Drive versus diffidence. Us against them. Jerry Brown, flaunting fascination, will be campaigning against boredom–and against us. Unless we strike first.

***

This column will really be about books rather than national security. So, each month, I'll at least mention the books that I found worthwhile. This time they all happen to be, more or less, about journalism.

Wartime by Milovan Djilas, published by Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, is a marvelous insider's account of the war, or wars, in Yugoslavia from 1941 to 1945. Djilas is a good reporter, but what makes the book extraordinary is his communist interpretation of events, large and small–a painless, wondrous education in Marxist thinking. *Clearing the Air* by Daniel Schorr, which will be published by Houghton Mifflin on October 31, is a short course in corporate journalism–it might be the first convincing (i.e., best-selling) book about how television news actually works. *White House Watch: The Ford Years* by John Osborne, published in September by New Republic Books, shows a really fine reporter struggling to figure out a stumbling President. And, if you think of *The New York Times* as all gray, try *Desperado*, a passionate little memoir by Timesperson Grace Lichtenstein, published October 15 by the Dial Press. ■

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political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in October.

Adaptation to Life. George E. Vaillant. Little, Brown, $9.95.

Adlai Stevenson. John Bartlow Martin. Doubleday, $15. The first volume of this biography, published last year, revealed that Stevenson was anti-Semitic, anti-black, a mother's boy, a snob, and a womanizer. Only the last vice reappears in this second volume, which covers the years from 1953 through Stevenson's death in 1965; but new weaknesses appear—he often seems querulous and indecisive. Still, his arguments during the Cuban missile crisis may have provided an essential counterweight to the hawks. And he was right about Vietnam earlier than most statesmen of his generation.

Against All Enemies. Ervin S. Duggan, Ben J. Wattenberg. Doubleday, $10. This month's White House thriller is about an embattled President who is fighting off a political challenge from his own Vice President and starting a war to protect our interests in Bolivia; it's no better or worse than the general run of Washington novels.

Bargaining for Supremacy: Anglo-American Naval Collaboration 1937-1941. James R. Leutze. Univ. of North Carolina, $17.95.

Behind the Lines. Cartoons by Tony Auth. Houghton Mifflin, $9.95/$4.95

Beyond the Crisis. Norman Birnbaum, ed. Oxford, $11.95/$3.95.

Big Business and the Mass Media. Bernard Ruben, et al. Lexington, $16.50.

Black Odyssey: The Epic Story of the Afro-American Ordeal in Slavery. Nathan Irvin Huggins. Pantheon, $8.95.

The Boggle. John D. E. Kreuttner. Arlington House, $8.95.

The British Revolution, 1880-1939. Robert Rhodes James. Knopf, $17.95.

Brothers in Blood: The International Terrorist Network. Ovid Demaris. Scribners, $9.95.

Civil Liberties and Civil Rights. David C. Baum Memorial Lectures; Victor J. Stone, ed. Univ. of Illinois, $6.95.

Clearing the Air. Daniel Schorr. Houghton Mifflin, $10.95.

Conflict and Crisis: The Presidency of Harry S. Truman, 1945-1948. Robert J. Donovan. Norton, $12.95.

Desperado. Grace Lichtenstein. Dial, $8.95.

The Economics and Politics of Racial Accommodation: The Japanese of Los Angeles, 1900-1942. John Modell. Univ. of Illinois, $10.

Economic Regulation and the Public Interest: The Federal Trade Commission in Theory and Practice. Alan Stone. Cornell, $14.50.

The Economic War Against the Jews. Walter Henry Nelson, Terence Prittie. Random House, $10.

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Faith, Hope and $5,000—The Story of Monsanto: The Trials and Triumphs of the First 75 Years. Dan J. Forrestal. Simon & Schuster, $9.95.

Farm: A History and Celebration of the American Farmer. Gary Paulsen. Prentice-Hall, $8.95.

A Genius for War: The German Army and General Staff, 1807-1945. T. N. Dupuy. Prentice-Hall, $14.95.

Government and the Mind. Joseph Tussman. Oxford, $8.95.

Government by Judiciary: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment. Raoul Berger. Harvard, $15.

Guilty Until Proven Innocent. Donald S. Connery. Putnam, $9.95.

History of Ideas on Women. Rosemary Agonito. Putnam, $12.95.

Honor the Promise: America's Commitment to Israel. Robert F. Drinan. Doubleday, $7.95.

How to Get Invited to the White House . . . James C. Humes. Crowell, $7.95. A breezy collection of bits of advice on how to bluster your way into the inner circles of chic just tongue-in-cheek enough to be bearable. The tips are pretty obvious, but the tone in which they're given is endearing.

How to Stay Ahead Financially. Philip Gordis. Norton, $10.95.

In Search of the Silent South: Southern Liberals and the Race Issue. Morton Sosna. Columbia, $12.95. The latest product of the continuing effort to uncover a noble Southern tradition, this book looks at a variety of journalistic-literary-academic figures who stood up for racial justice in the South during the first half of this century. It's a very detailed, well written study that concludes Southern liberals weren't all that liberal, at least by Northern standards—they advocated understanding but not necessarily integration, and wanted above all for Southerners to work things out among themselves without any interference from outsiders.

It's a good bet, by the way, that Jimmy Carter's ascendance will spawn more of this genre—if Carter has Southern roots, they're clearly not in the white-supremacist ethic

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that has traditionally defined the region. Historians in coming years will probably busy themselves searching elsewhere for Carter's political and intellectual forebears.

Inc. Yourself: Get Rich With Your Own Corporation. Judith H. McQuown. Macmillan, $8.95.

Inside East Germany: The State That Came in From the Cold. Jonathan Steele. Urizen, $12.95.

The Jennifer Project. Clyde W. Burleson. Prentice-Hall, $8.95.

Letters on Literature and Politics: 1912-1972. Edmund Wilson; Elena Wilson, ed., Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $20.

Lobbying for the People: The Political Behavior of Public Interest Groups. Jeffrey M. Berry. Princeton, $20/$5.95. A useful academic study of public-interest groups—who works for them, how they get their money, and what they do.

Many Dimensional Man: Decentralizing Self, Society and the Sacred. James A. Ogilvy. Oxford, $14.95.

Marina and Lee. Priscilla MacMillan. Harper & Row, $15.

Minnesota: A History. William E. Lass. Norton, $8.95.

Mother R: Eleanor Roosevelt's Untold Story. Elliott Roosevelt, James Brough. Putnam, $8.95.

Murder at the Harlem Mosque. Sonny Grosso, John Devaney. Crown, $8.95.

My Soul Is Rested: Movement Days in the Deep South Remembered. Howell Raines. Putnam, $12.95. A collection of interviews, owing much in conception to Studs Terkel, about the civil rights movement. Raines correctly perceives that the movement changed the South markedly and permanently; the material he has gathered from black leaders, white liberals, segregationists, and reporters is eloquent and evocative. Civil rights has been strangely ignored in the seventies, a decade otherwise given to retrospection, but maybe this book will help turn the tide.

No Pledge of Privacy: The Watergate Tapes

A critical analysis of both the brilliance and the blunders of the Kissinger years, this new book "rises above both the sleazy adulation and the vulgar criticism which has flawed most of what has been written about the man. Morris writes with the sure-footedness of the former insider, the depth and detachment of a first-rate critical intelligence."
—*Laurence Stern, National News Editor, Washington Post*

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Litigation, 1973-1974. Howard Ball. Kennikat, $9.95.

Once to Every Man. William Sloane Coffin. Atheneum, $12.95.

The Penalty of Death: The Canadian Experiment. C.H.S. Jayewardene. Lexington, $13.

The People Shapers. Vance Packard. Little, Brown, $12.50.

Poor People's Movements. Frances Fox Piven, Richard Cloward. Pantheon, $12.95. A valuable study that shows these movements are often thwarted by leaders who, instead of seizing the moment when passions are high, dissipate energy in organization-building and the struggle for power. Carving out permanent jobs for themselves becomes more important than attaining the movement's goals.

Rabbi: The American Experience. Murray Polner. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $8.95.

The Rockefeller Inheritance. Alvin Moscow. Doubleday, $14.95. Here's a classic example of how a writer can be subtly corrupted by his sources. The five Rockefeller brothers—John III, Nelson, Laurance, Winthrop, and David—cooperated completely with Moscow in his researching of this family history, and Moscow now obviously sees the brothers as they see themselves. As a result, although Moscow has done his research assiduously and set forth the facts in great detail, the book is fatally marred by a glowing, almost sycophantish tone. The brothers, in Moscow's telling, are deeply religious do-gooders, simple and unostentatious, natural leaders of our society. Sometimes the bending-over-backwards in their favor is embarrassing: for instance, Nelson's monumentally hideous Albany Mall is "spectacularly beautiful and aesthetically pleasing"; the moral obligation bonds that helped bankrupt New York were "a smashing success"; his handling of the Attica uprising was "an unfortunate but successful venture."

This book makes an interesting contrast to Peter Collier and David Horowitz's *The Rockefellers*, published last year. Collier and Horowitz seem not to have talked to the brothers at all, but instead to have gotten their information from their rebellious children. As a result their book accentuates the negative as much as Moscow's accentuates the positive—and incidentally, it's much more believable.

Red Tape. Herbert Kaufman. Brookings. Another short but wise book about bureaucracy by the author of *Are Government Organizations Immortal?*.

The Samizdat Register. Roy A. Medvedev, ed. Norton, $10.95.

Shall We Tell the President? Jeffrey Archer. Viking, $8.95. Another Washington novel.

A Southern Baptist in the White House. James T. Baker. Westminster, $3.95.

Success! Michael Korda. Random House, $8.95. As a coda to this latest self-help manual, Michael Korda recounts the story of his first hesitant step down the road to success. As Korda tells it, he was languishing in a publishing house, reading unsolicited manuscripts and writing voluminous comments on them that nobody read, when one day a young man came by, introduced himself, and set Korda aright. Together, the two of them—both now running publishing houses—turned Korda's desk around so that it faced out instead of in, and, Korda says, "nothing was ever the same again."

Although Korda discusses his own success throughout this book, it's always in that kind of anecdote; by his telling, you'd guess that his making it has been a result not of guessing right on authors but of getting the right offices, going to the right places for lunch, and wearing the right clothes. In other words, Korda sketches out at great length a kind of success that's totally without substance, achieved through rapt attention to form instead of content and savored for its accouterments only. When he quotes various exemplars of success, they're always "looking out from the back seat of his chauffeur-driven Cadillac limousine," "lunching in his private dining room," or "waving around the huge office which is now his."

Assuming, as Korda does, that the path upward now lies exclusively through the management ranks of large organizations, some of his tips about how to impress people are probably valid. But by completely ignoring matters like the quality of one's work as factors in success, Korda creates the impression that he's talking down to his readers—he must know that you have to produce to make it, but the ambitious dreamers who make up his audience can be conned into believing it's just the cut of your suit.

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Worse, Korda's—indeed, these days America's—brand of success is missing two crucial components. To be a little unfair, his prescriptions would work as well in Nazi Germany as in our country; success to Korda means getting over worrying about the moral content of what you do ("Morality has very little to do with success.") It's also of no matter whether what you do is interesting or enjoyable—if you're an engineer in your soul but the way to success is in sales, Korda would have you move.

In a recent issue of *Newsweek*, Norman Podhoretz acclaimed the "return of success" from its sixties disfavor (which Podhoretz greatly exaggerates), and it's certain he, Korda, and the other leading advocates of making it could get together over a six-course lunch at the Four Seasons and have a nice talk about how wonderful it is that success is back. The lunch might be spiced up by a little argument over what, exactly, success is—Podhoretz and his wife, Midge Dector, seem to think it's professional degrees and impressive titles, while Korda tends more toward perquisites. Nonetheless, the quality of what you do—moral or otherwise—concerns none of these people; in their world, everyone who has the right badges is automatically good. *—Nicholas Lemann*

Sun Myung Moon and the Unification Church. Frederick Sontag. Abingdon, $8.95.

Surprise! Surprise! How the Lawmen Conned the Thieves. Ron Shaffer, Kevin Klose, with Alfred E. Lewis. Viking, $8.95.

Thinking Big: The Story of the *Los Angeles Times*, Its Publishers, and Their Influence on Southern California. Robert Gottlieb, Irene Wolt. Putnam, $15.

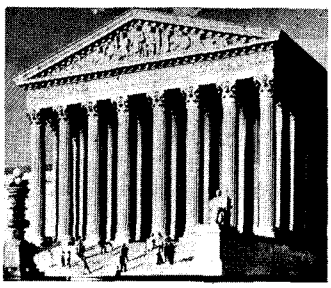
Unchosen Presidents: The Vice-President and Other Frustrations of Presidential Succession. Allan P. Sindler. Univ. of California, $2.95.

Utah: A History. Charles S. Peterson. Norton, $8.95.

The Visible Hand: The Managerial Revolution in American Business. Alfred D. Chandler, Jr. Harvard, $18.50.

What Every Man Should Know About Divorce. Robert Cassidy. New Republic Books, $8.95.

"Impeach the President"



That was the outcry in 1952 when Harry S. Truman ordered the seizure of America's steel mills, thus precipitating a great constitutional crisis, rivaled only by Watergate.

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—*Richard S. Kirkendall, Professor of History, Indiana University*

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The Zapping of America: Microwaves, Their Deadly Risk and the Cover-Up. Paul Brodeur. Norton, $12.95. In 1971, a team of University of Alabama researchers studying birth defect statistics among white children in two Alabama counties came across a curious fact: from July 1969 to November 1970, 17 children had been born with clubfoot; statistically, there should have been no more than four. Further investigation yielded the astonishing intelligence that all 17 cases had been delivered in the Army hospital at Fort Rucker. And that wasn't the end: their fathers were all helicopter pilots.

Dr. Peter B. Peacock, head of the research team and chairman of the University of Alabama's Department of Public Health and Epidemiology, suspected that the causative factor was microwave radiation. Fort Rucker supported a heavy concentration of radar. Helicopter pilots fly at low altitudes where the microwave emissions are heaviest.

But plans to conduct a thorough study were thwarted: the Army chose not to cooperate.

Microwave usage on a large scale began during World War II with radar, which found the distance to targets by bouncing microwaves off them and timing the interval between the outgoing and returning signals. Since then, a phenomenal growth has taken place in devices that generate microwaves, some in small, some in powerful doses. A smattering of the microwave rollcall would include almost 1,000 television stations, 15,000 diathermy machines, several million microwave ovens, powerful broadcasting satellites, police radar guns and your automatic garage door opener. Industrial uses of microwave run the gamut from pre-cooking bacon to drying tobacco.

For almost as long as we have been using microwaves, evidence has been accumulating that they pose biological dangers such as cataracts, cancer and genetic damage. In 1971, an advisory council to the President warned that power levels in American cities, industries, and homes may already be biologically significant and the population at risk "may well be the entire population."

But, strangely, there has been virtually no systematic investigation in the United States of the effect of microwave radiation on people who have been exposed to it. The Soviet Union has conducted such studies and its precautions are far more broad than ours; for example, microwave ovens sold in the United States are permitted by law to leak up to five milliwatts per square centimeter—*500 times more than the Russian standard allows.*

The breaking of the news in February 1976 that the American embassy in Moscow was being subjected to microwave radiation by the Soviets may have ignited the first widespread public concern about the microwave danger (Russian knowledge of that danger makes *their* conduct doubly bizarre). Among the facts that subsequently emerged were that the Soviets had irradiated the embassy as early as 1962 but the State Department had kept that information from embassy employees . . . that Ambassador Walter J. Stoessel was suffering from bleeding of the eyes and from a blood disease akin to leukemia (he has since been transferred from Moscow) . . . that two of his predecessors, Ambassadors Bohlen and Thompson, had died of cancer . . . that, according to Zbigniew Brzezinski, the cancer rate among Americans in the Moscow embassy was the highest in the world . . . that 16 American women who served in Moscow developed breast cancer . . . that among embassy personnel given blood tests, the average lymphocyte (a white blood corpuscle) count was 40-percent higher than in other foreign service personnel . . . that State Department tests for genetic damage conducted on employees returning from Moscow found chromosomal breaks in significant numbers (the Department did not tell the employees the object of the tests).

Whether the Russians zapped the Embassy to foil American eavesdropping equipment, as they said, or for other reasons is unclear. Equally unclear is whether the State Department kept the facts of irradiation from its employees and the public out of some dopey concern for its "detente" policy, fear of lawsuits by enraged employees, or because of the secrecy with which the government surrounds microwaves.

As the government's largest user of microwave, the Defense Department funds the research to determine their dangers. Which, says Brodeur, puts the fox in charge of guarding the chicken coop and makes test animals of us all.

The Zapping of America is an important book not only for the valuable controversy it will provoke about microwaves and their effects, but also because it challenges the objectivity of *any* research by government agencies with too great a vested interest in the results.

—*Leonard Reed*

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Campaign For President

THE MANAGERS LOOK AT 76

Edited by Jonathan Moore and Janet Fraser, Harvard University (Published for the Institute of Politics, Harvard University)

In December of 1976, Harvard's Institute of Politics brought together a small group of individuals who had played key decision-making roles in the just-concluded Presidential campaign. In informal, give-and-take sessions, these campaign managers discussed their involvement in the electoral process-and described how they had developed strategies that took account of the many complex elements of the campaign.

Prodded by the questioning of prominent political correspondents, these noted political practitioners speculated on why things happened as they did; analyzed strategic considerations in the campaign decisions taken, offered practical suggestions for changes likely to benefit the electoral system. Jonathan Moore, Director of the Institute of Politics and a veteran of Washington politics, comments on the discussion in the introductory chapter. ca. $10.00

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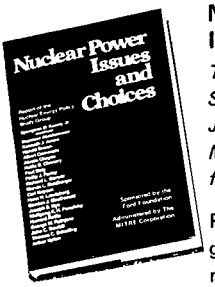

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